

NATIONAL

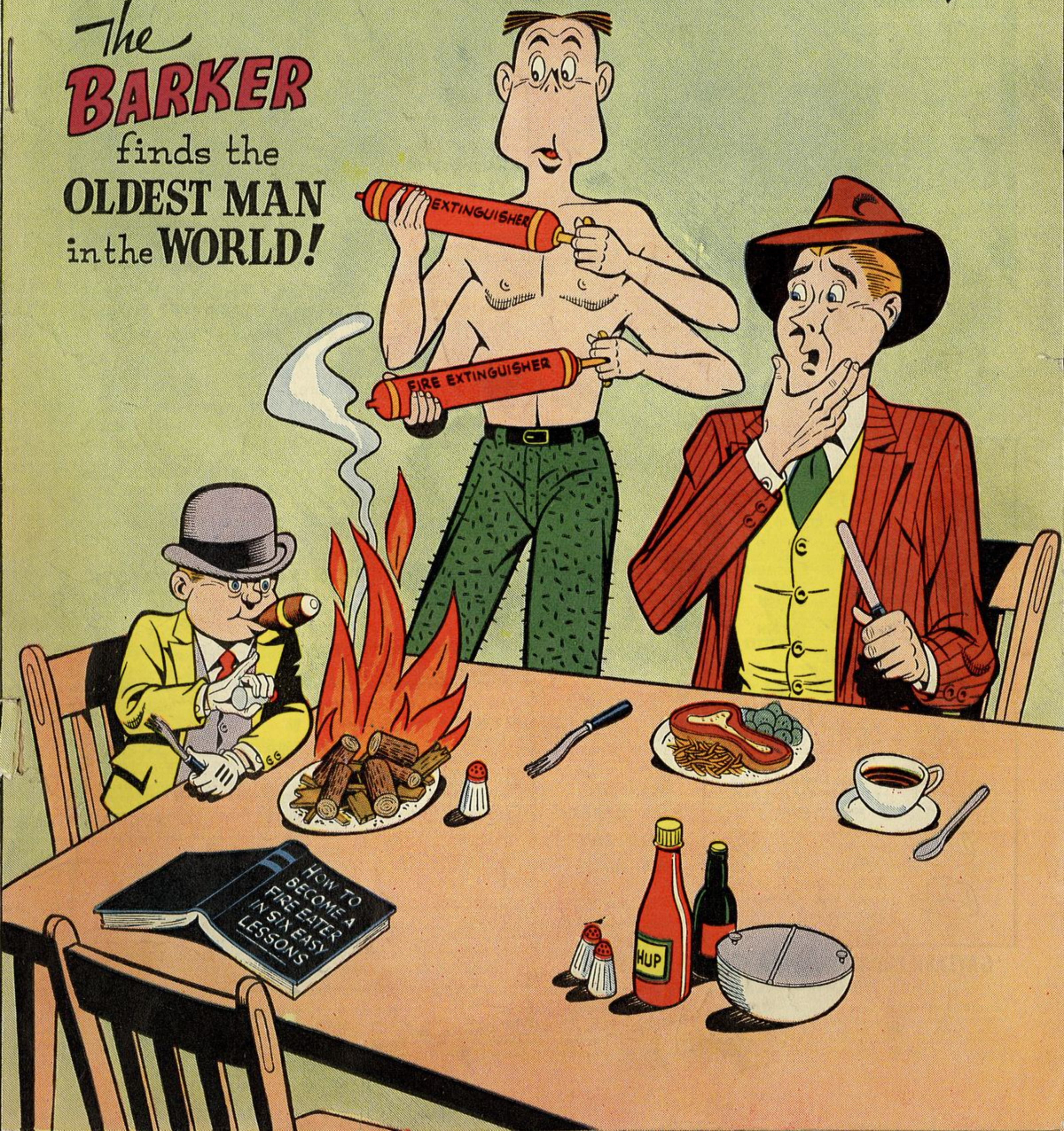
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JUNE
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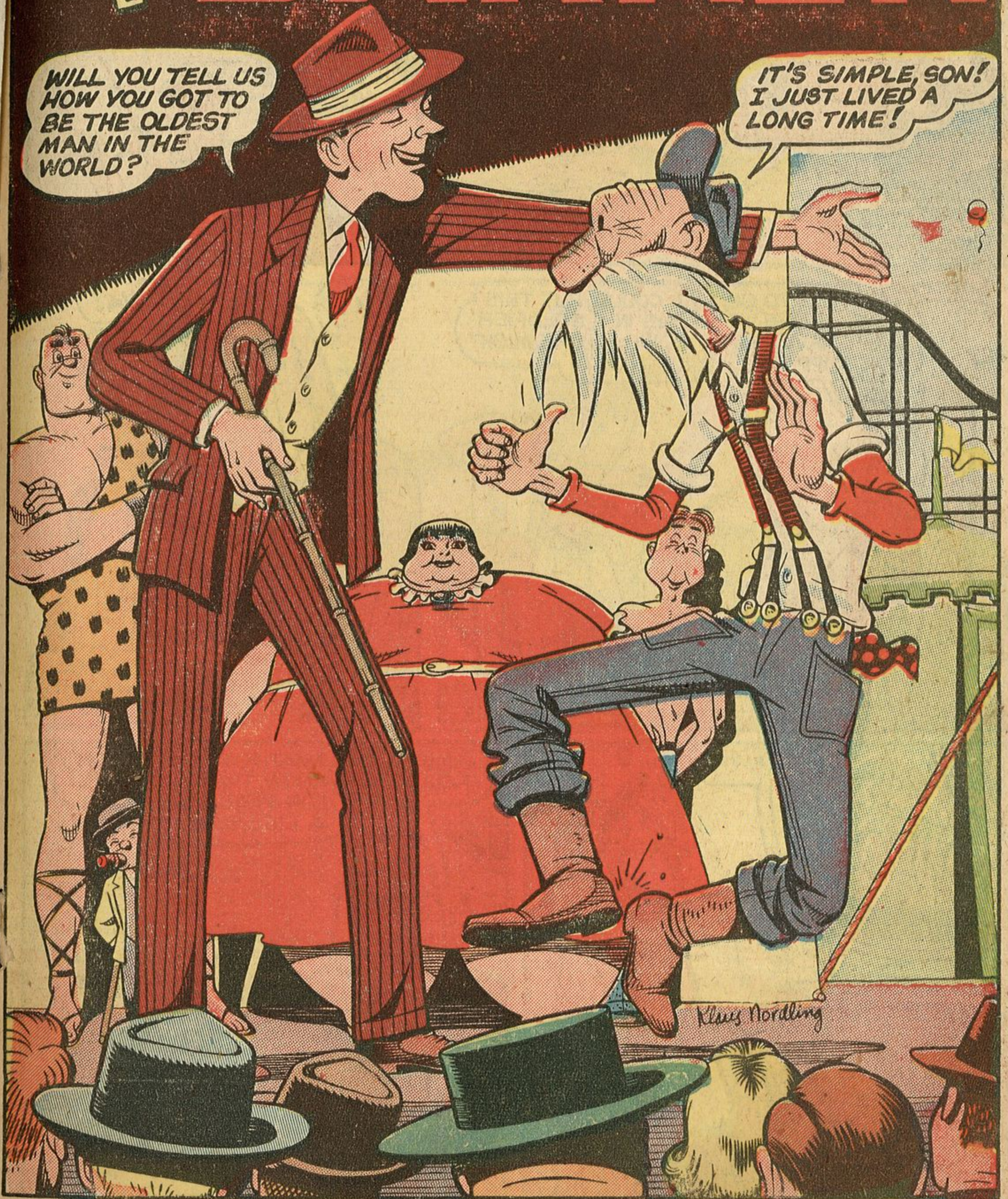
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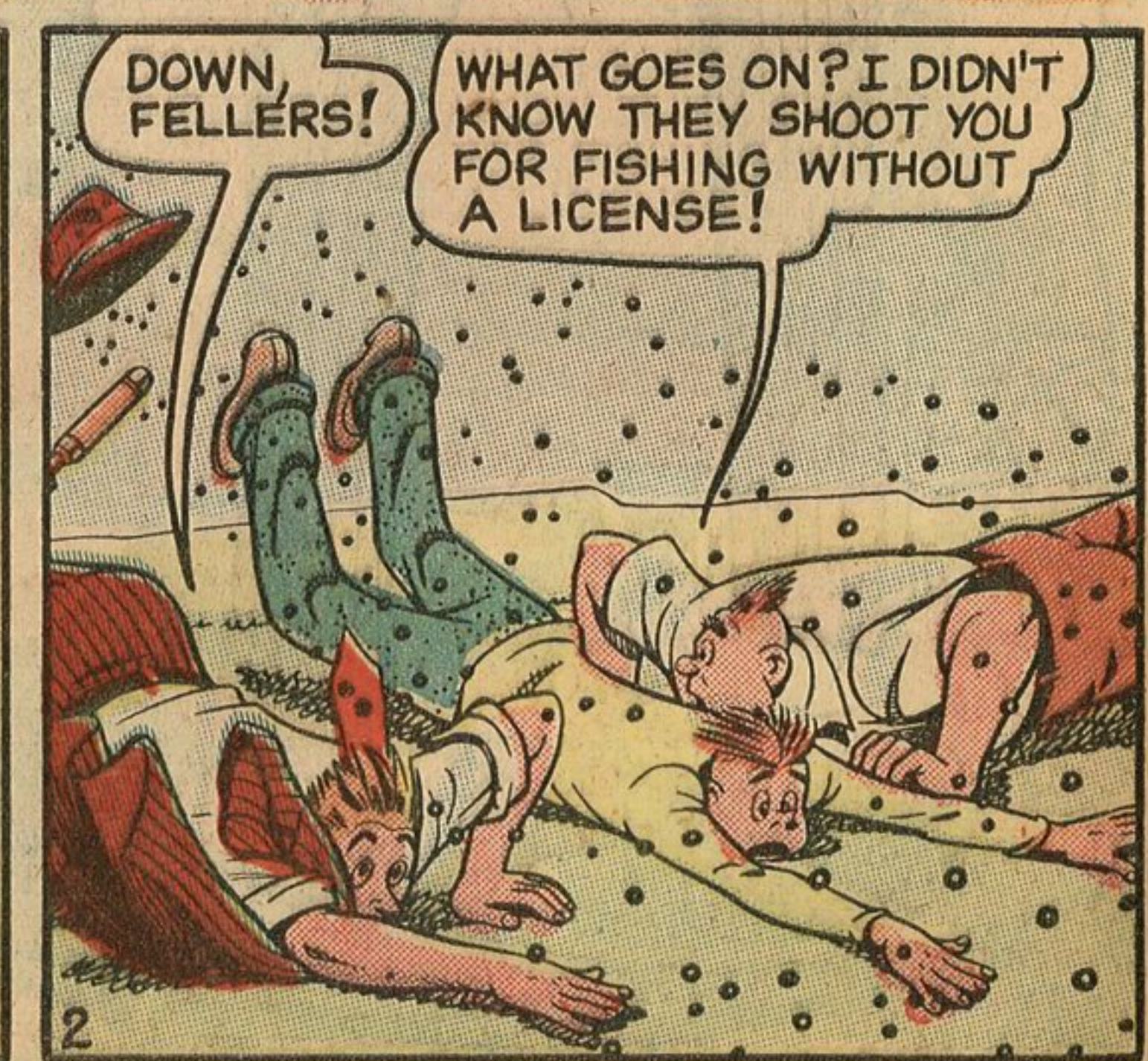
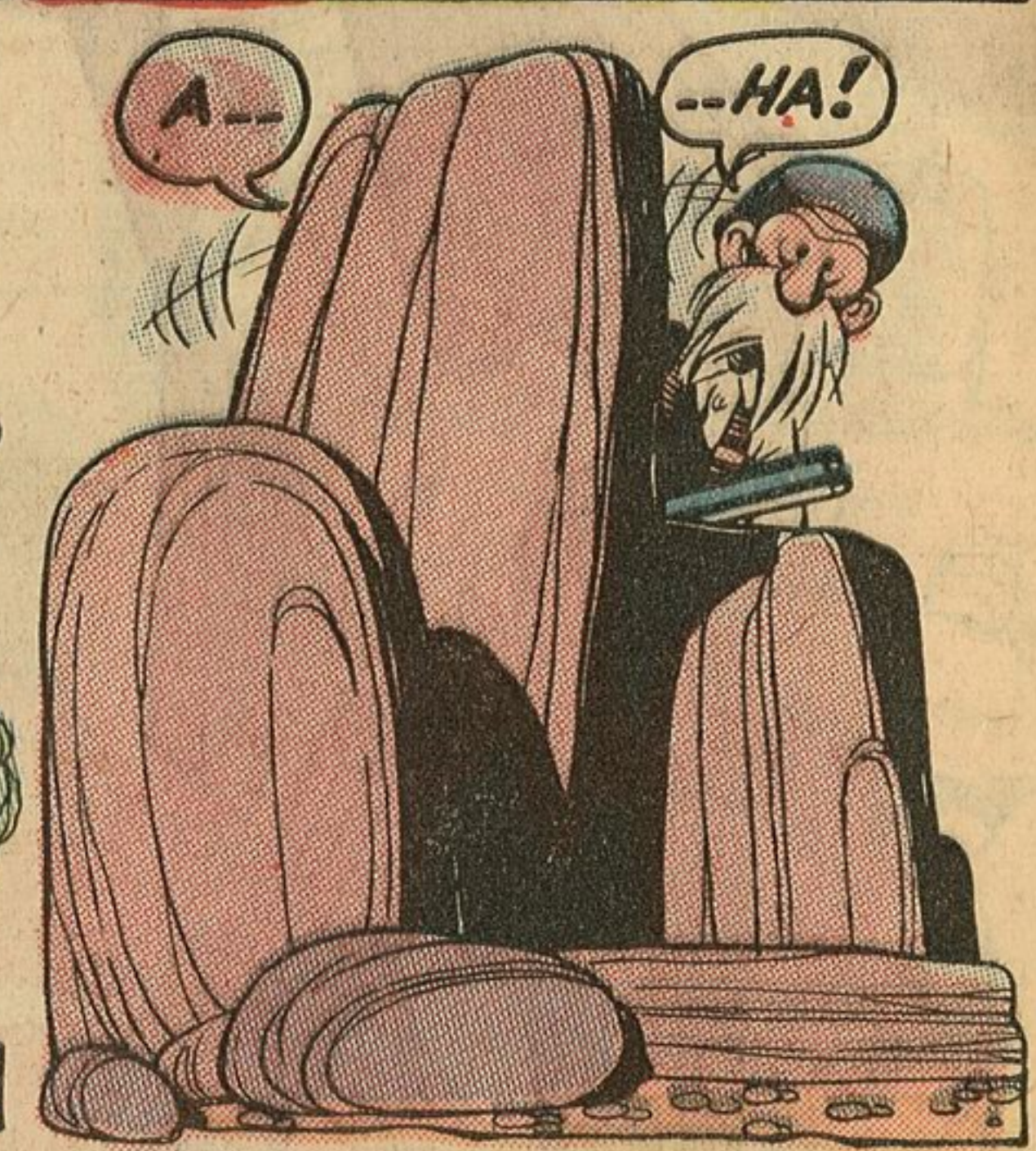
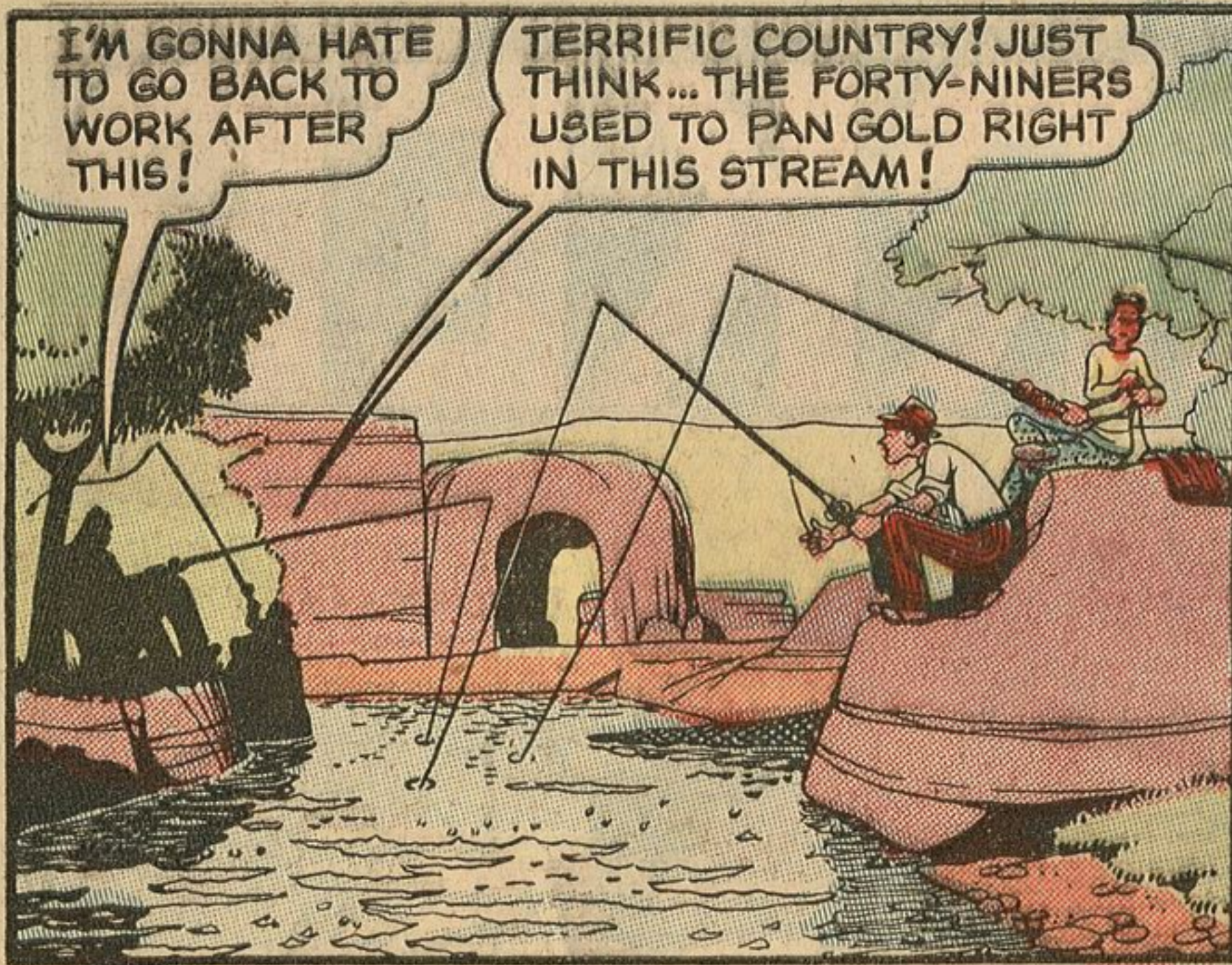
THE

BARKER

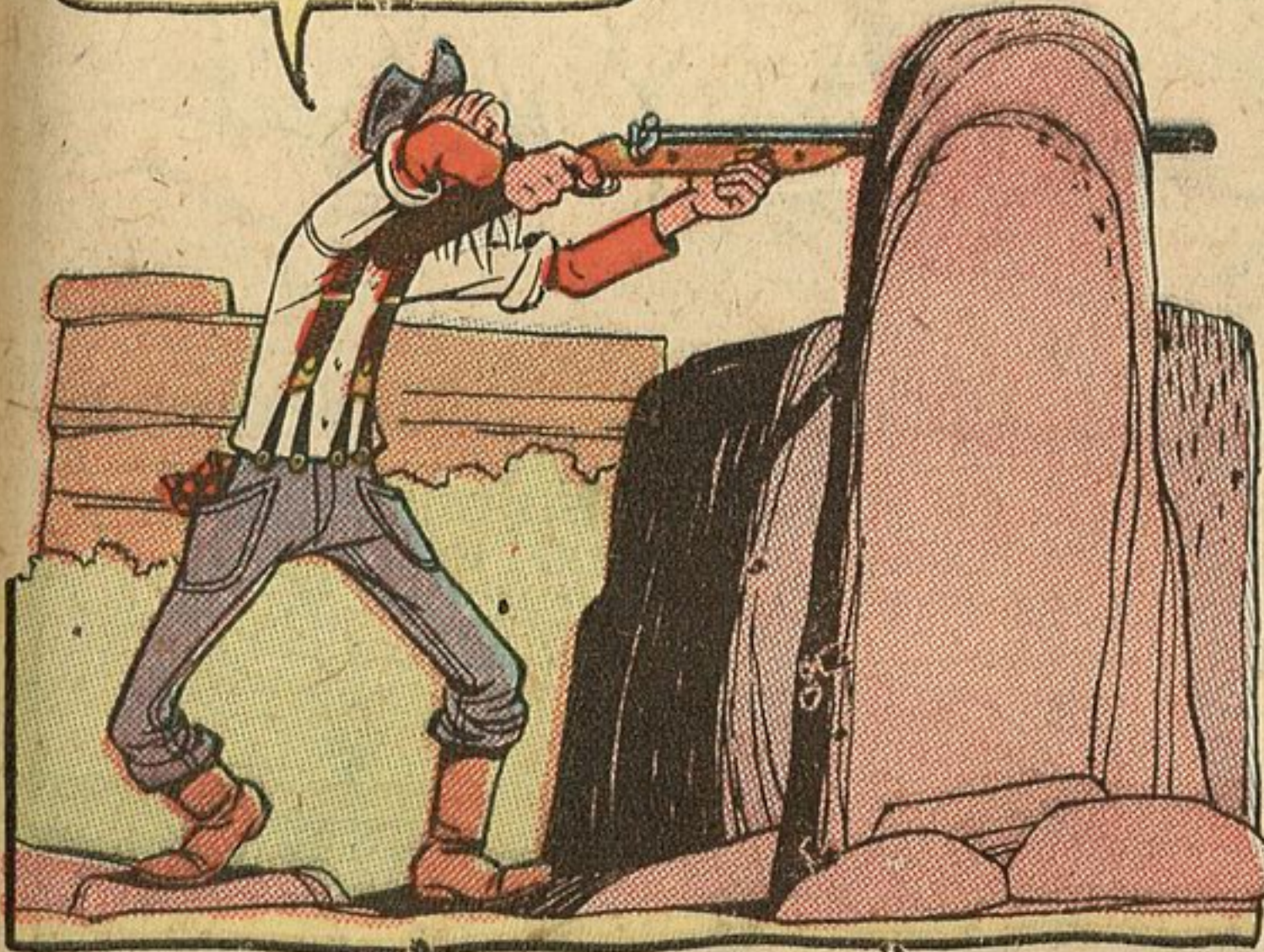
WILL YOU TELL US
HOW YOU GOT TO
BE THE OLDEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD?

IT'S SIMPLE, SON!
I JUST LIVED A
LONG TIME!



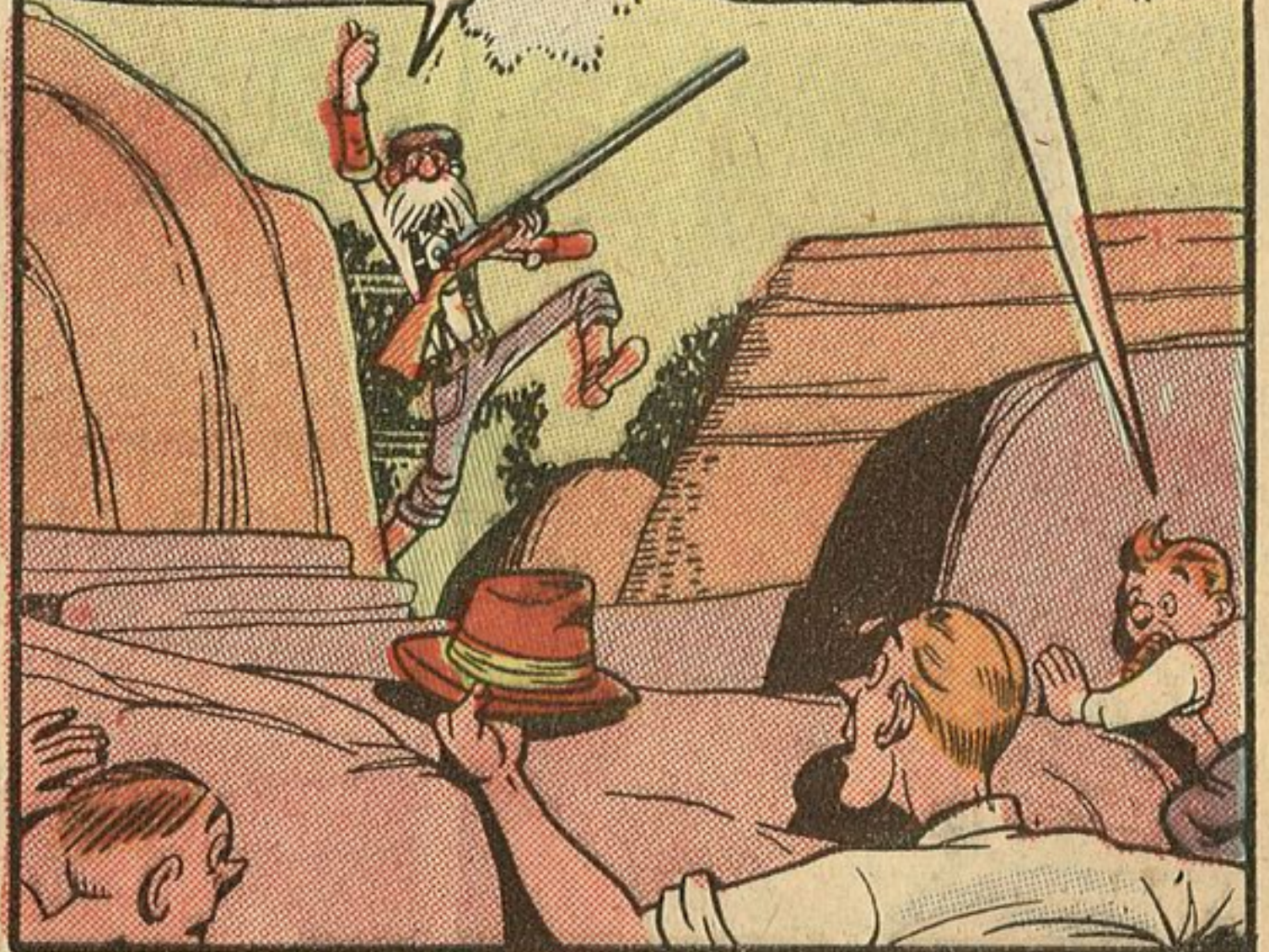


YALLER! HIDIN' AND SKEERED TO SHOOT BACK! MUST BE ANOTHER GENERATION OF DUKES BOYS!

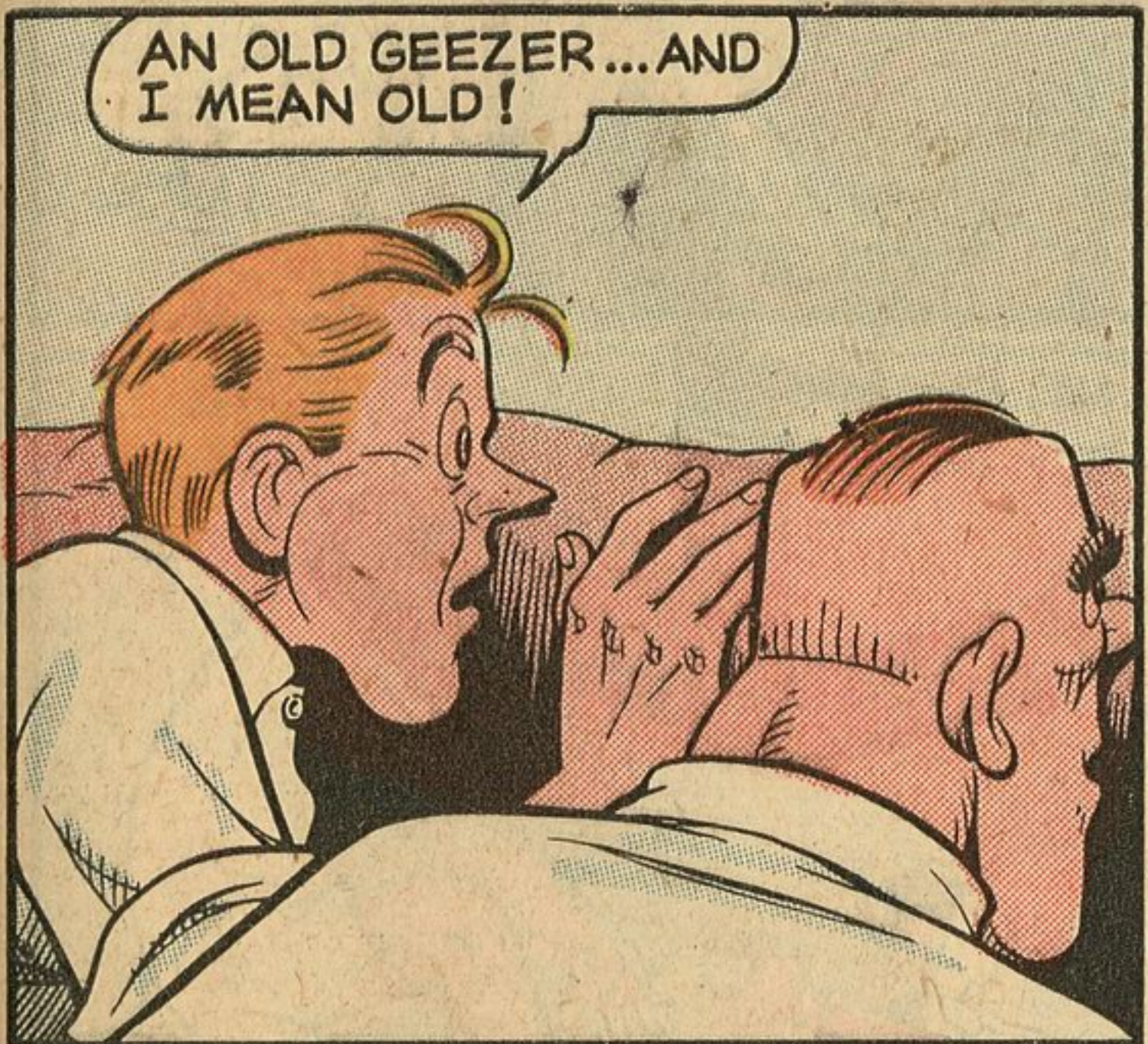


STAND UP AND FIGHT, Y'YALLER VARMINTS!

WHO'S THE SCREWBALL, CARNIE?



AN OLD GEEZER...AND I MEAN OLD!



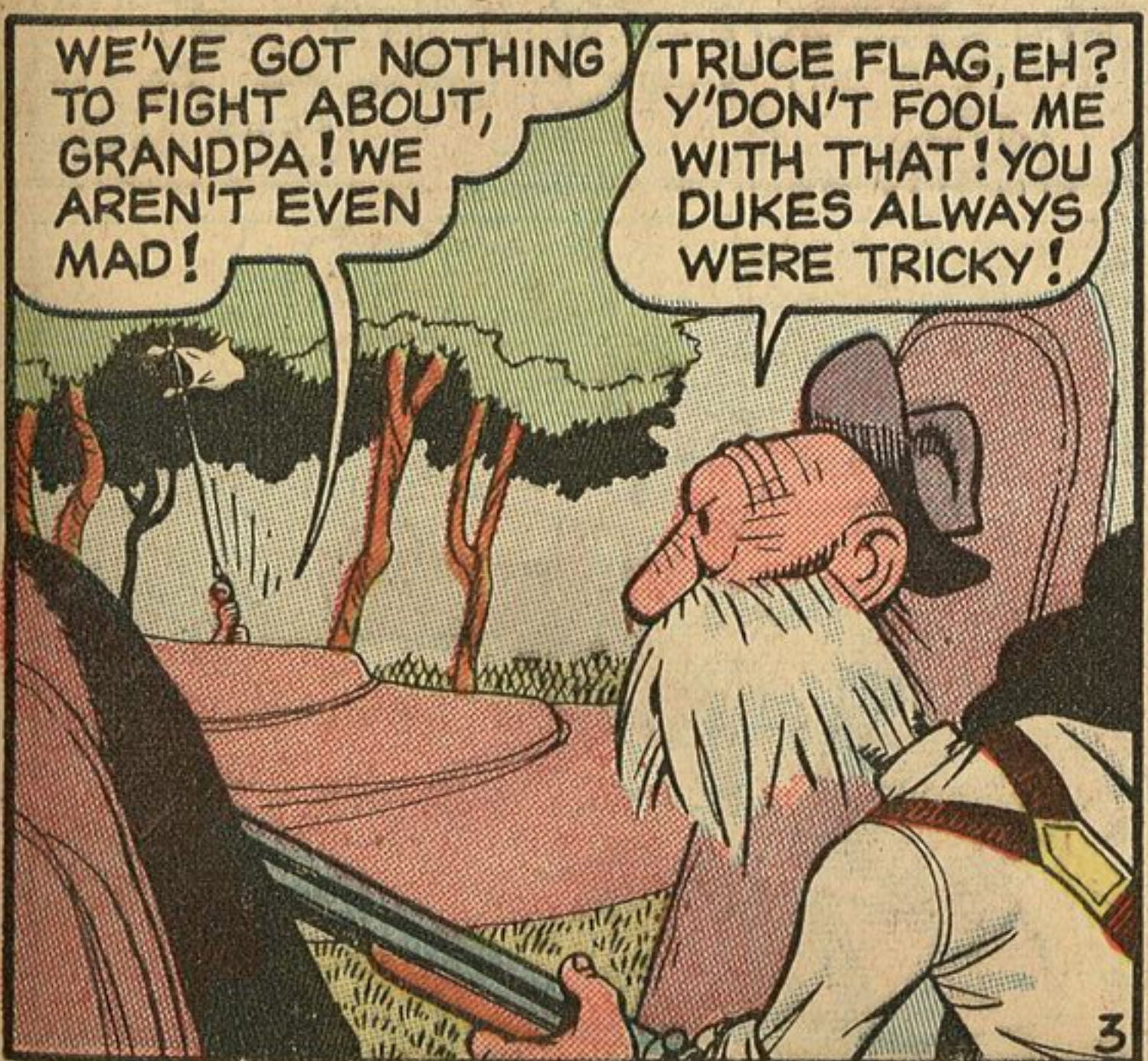
BANG!
BANG!

MAYBE IF WE CAN TALK TO HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, HE'LL LISTEN TO REASON! I'LL TRY A TRUCE FLAG!



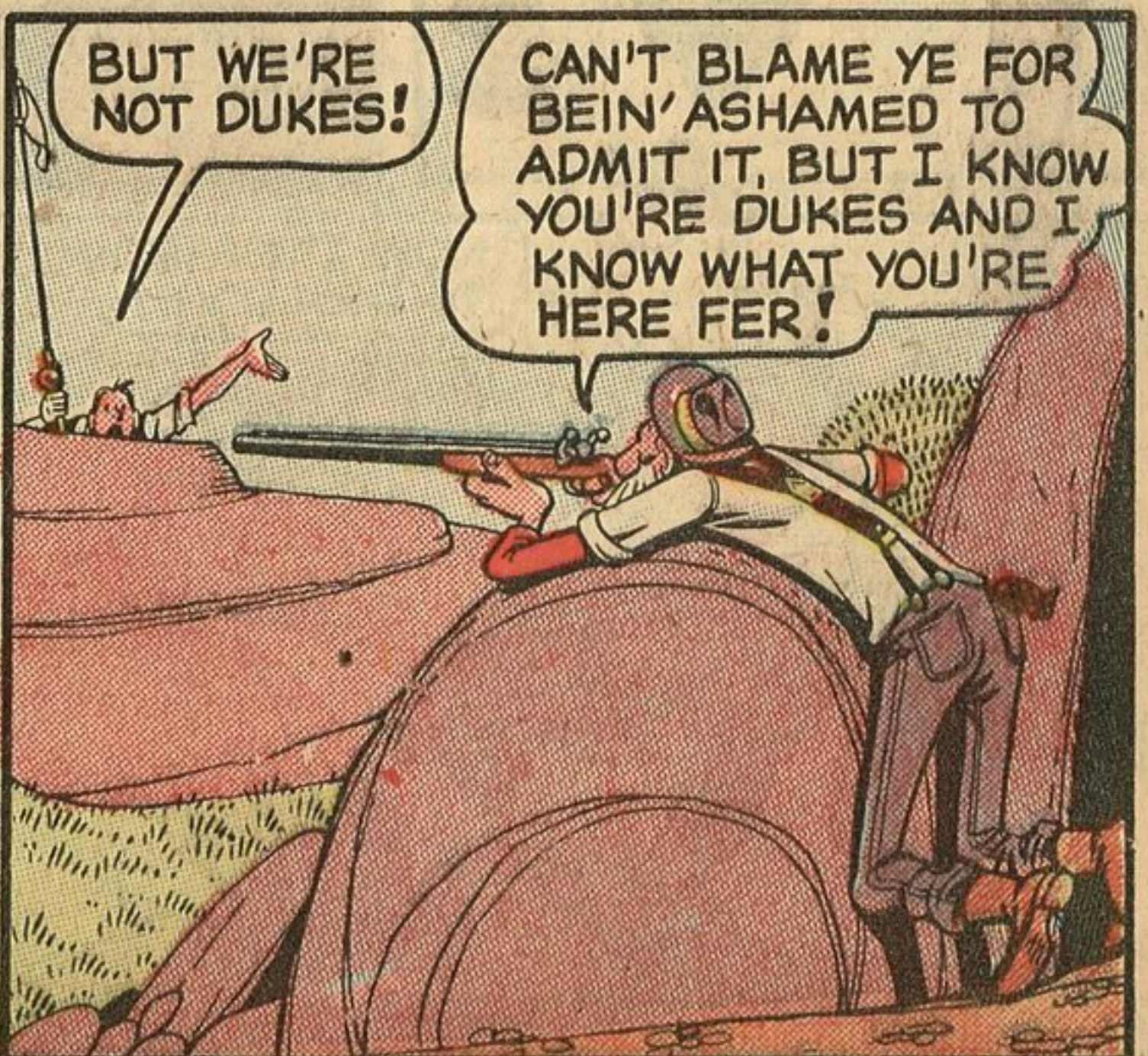
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO FIGHT ABOUT, GRANDPA! WE AREN'T EVEN MAD!

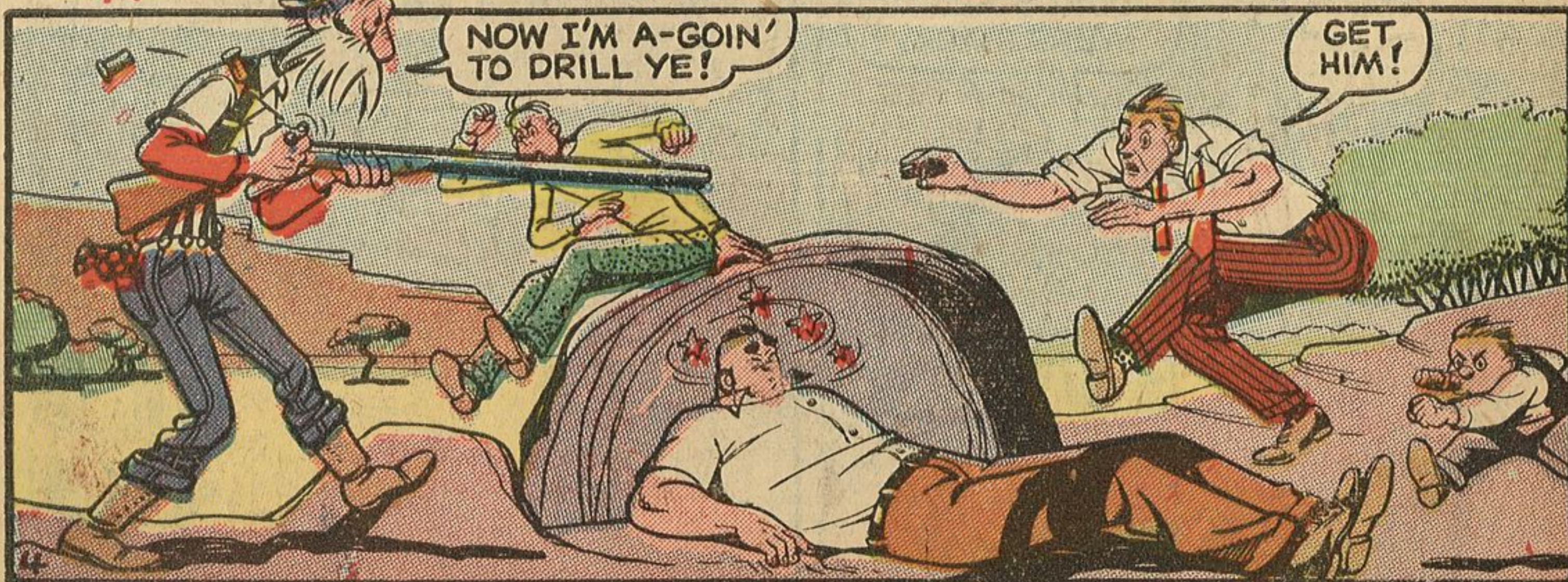
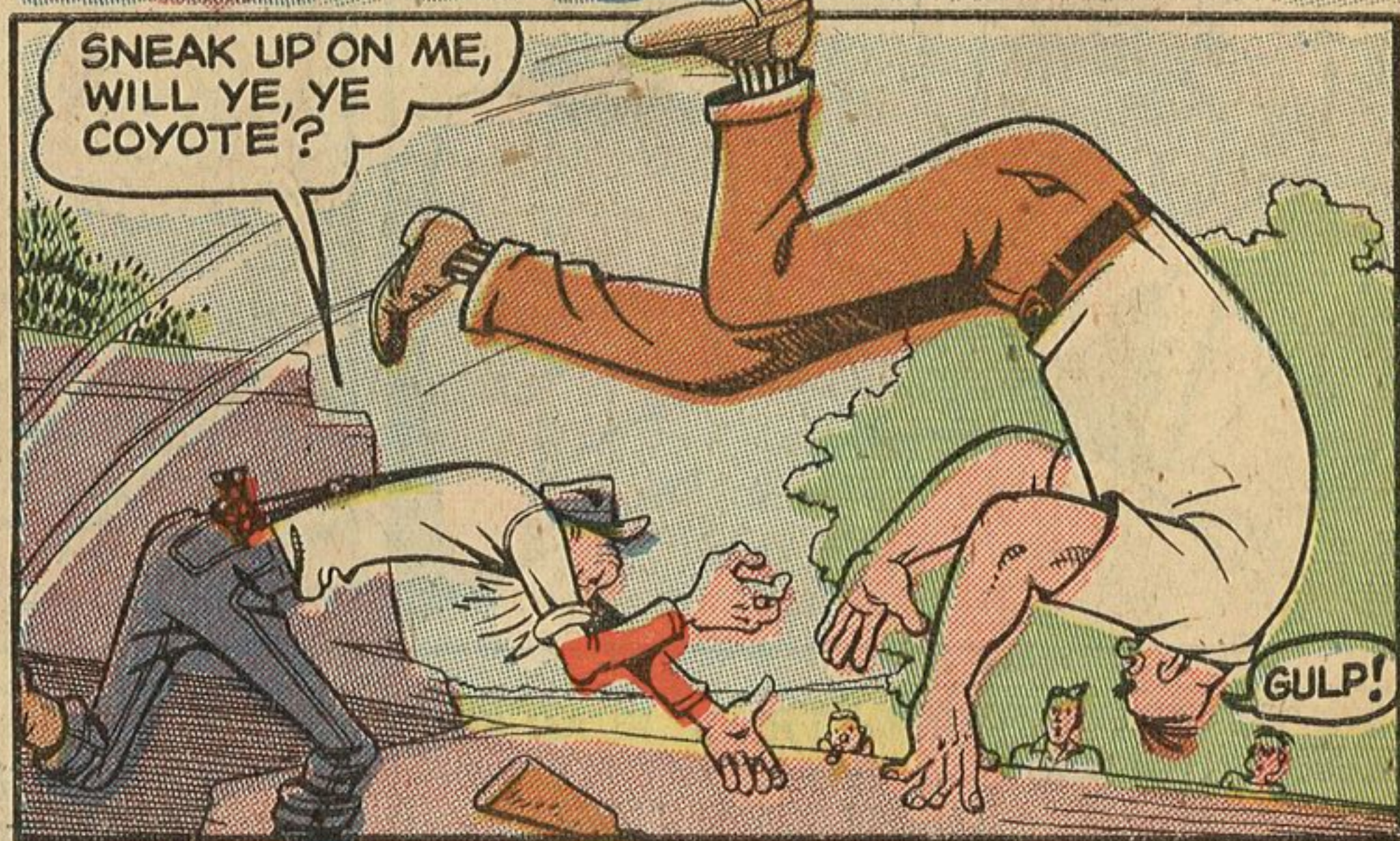
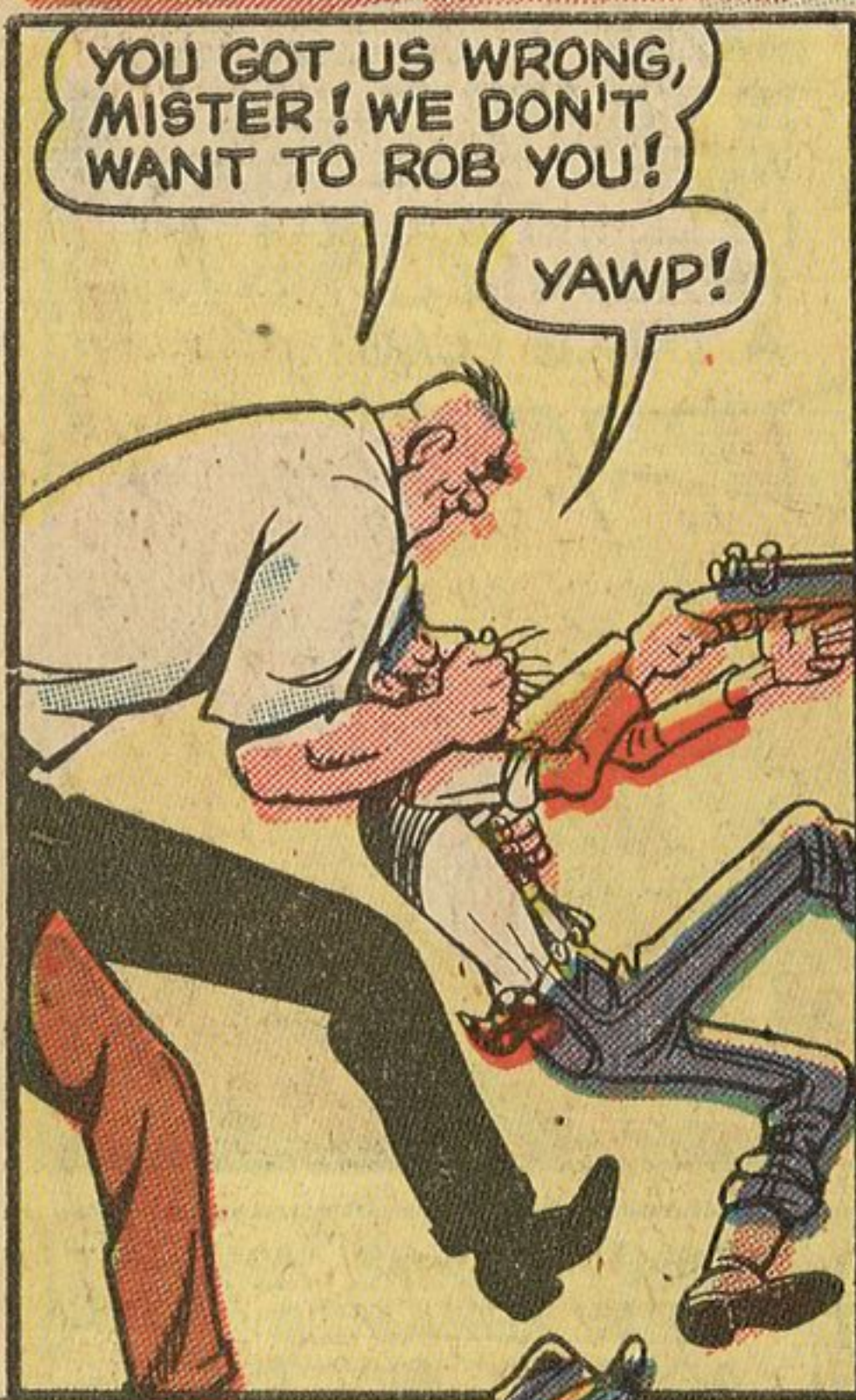
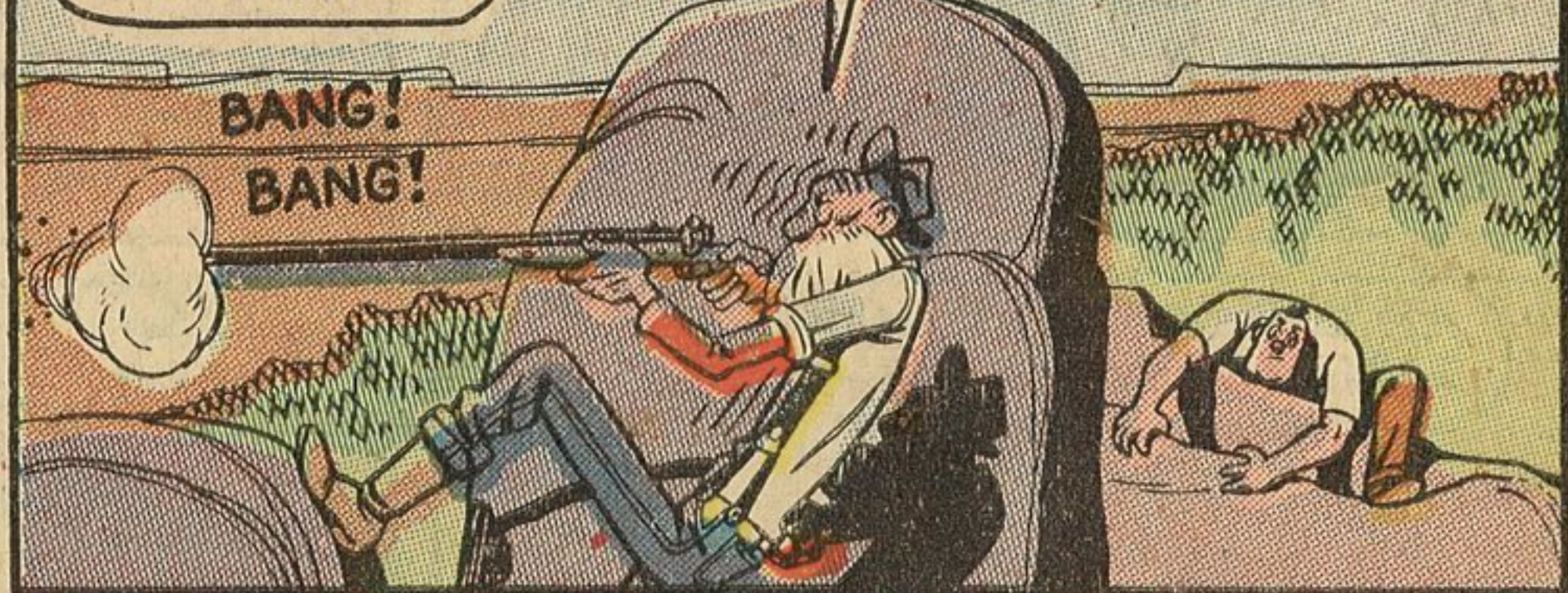
TRUCE FLAG, EH? Y'DON'T FOOL ME WITH THAT! YOU DUKES ALWAYS WERE TRICKY!



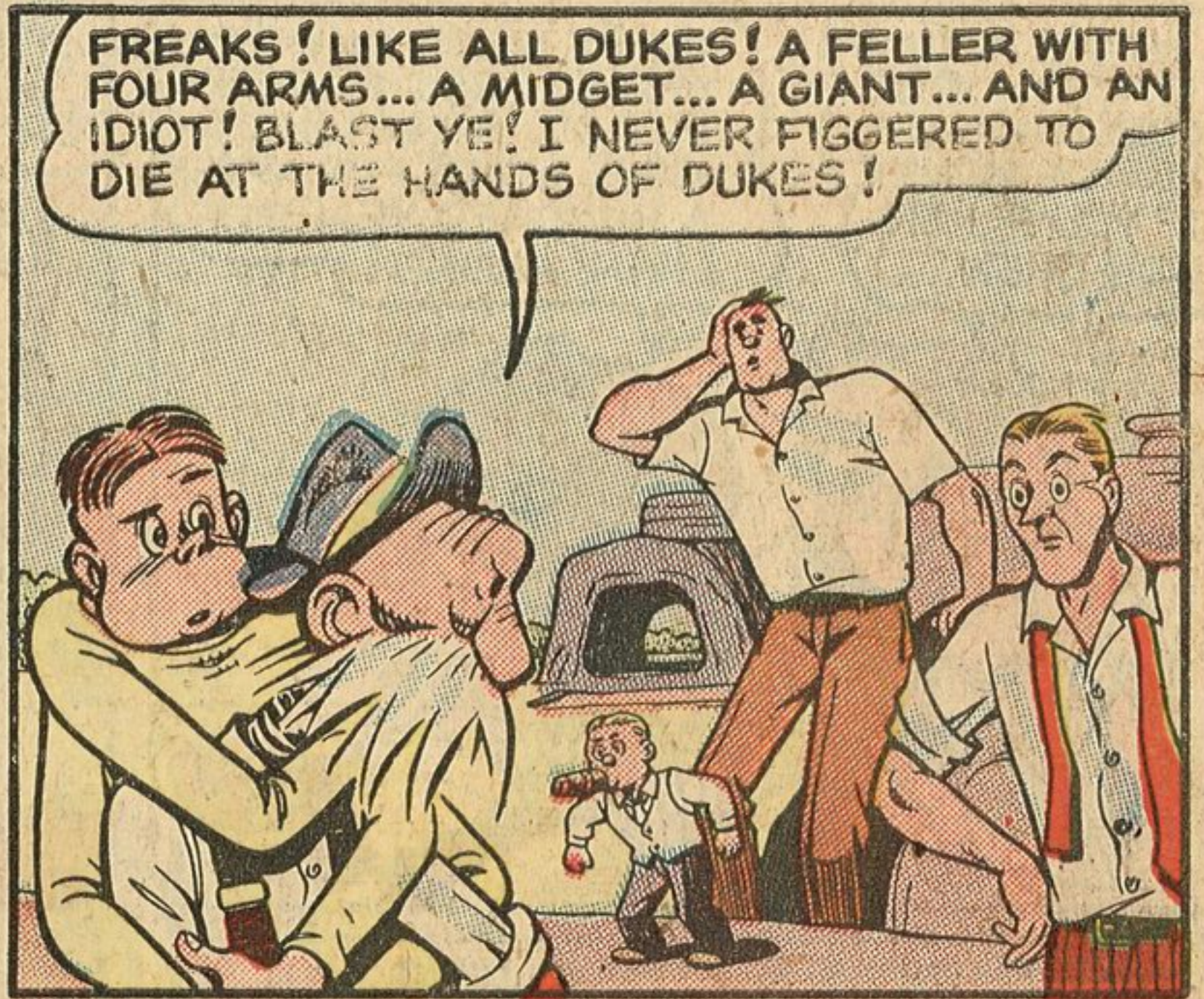
BUT WE'RE NOT DUKES!

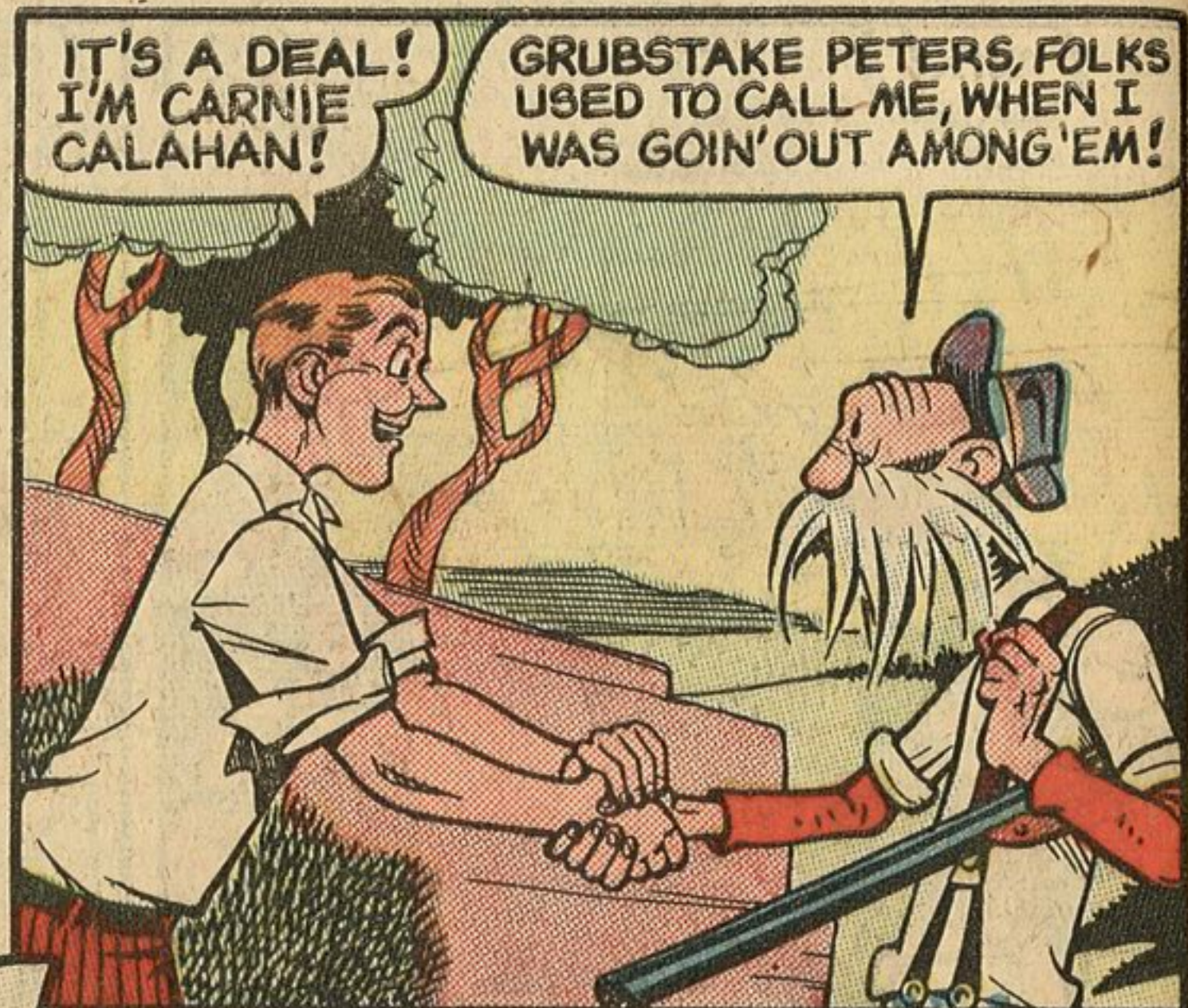
CAN'T BLAME YE FOR BEIN' ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE DUKES AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HERE FER!

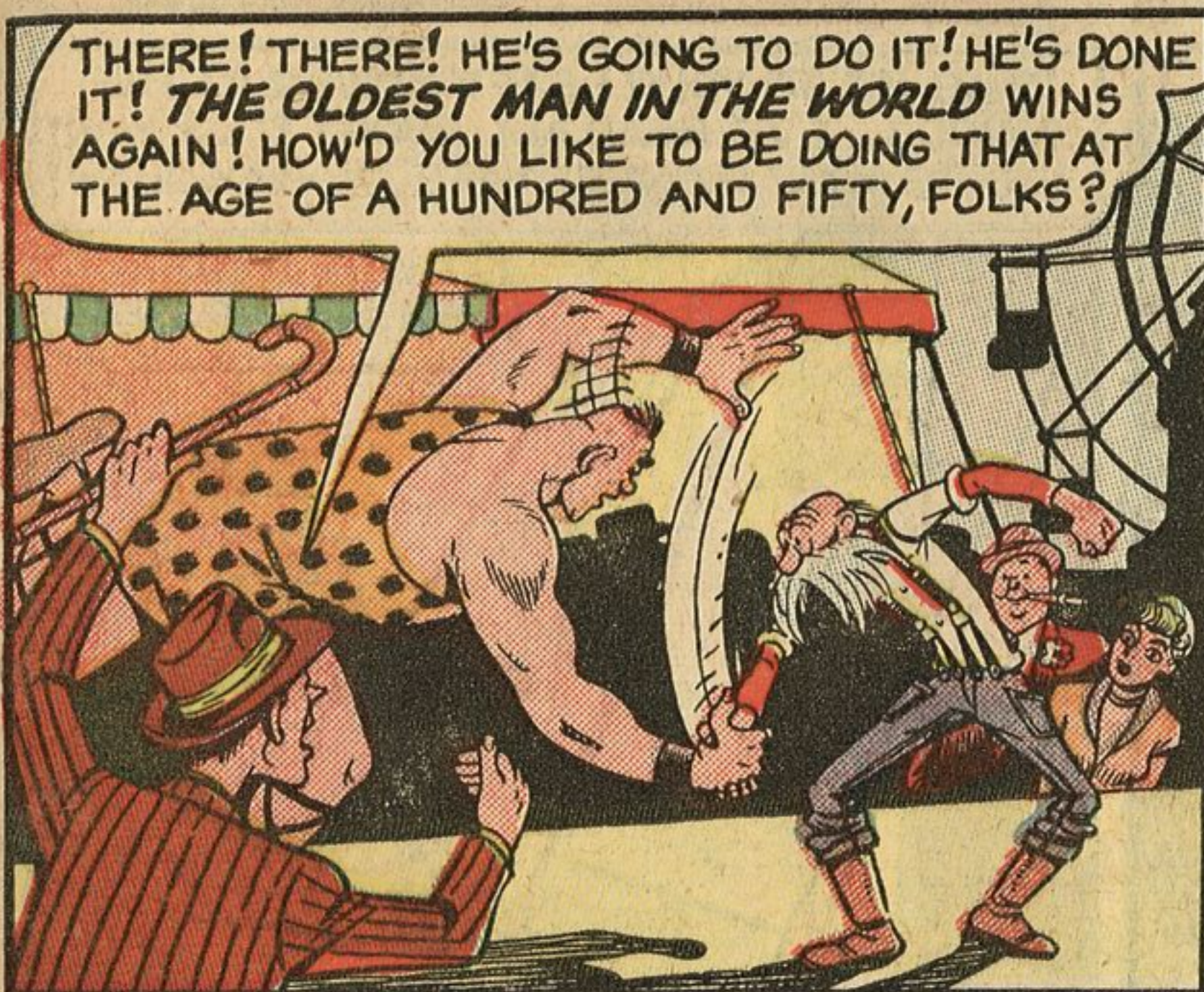
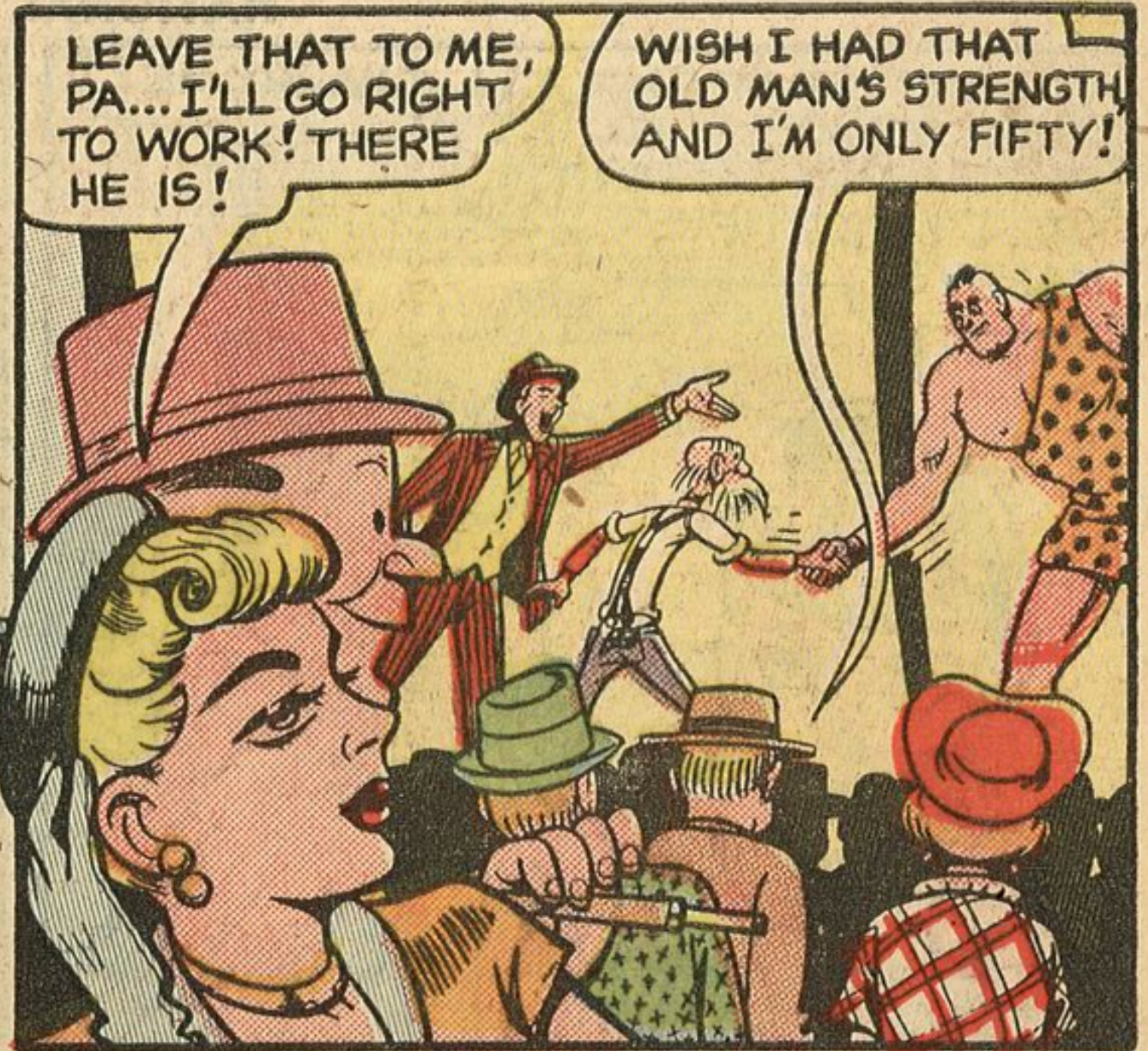


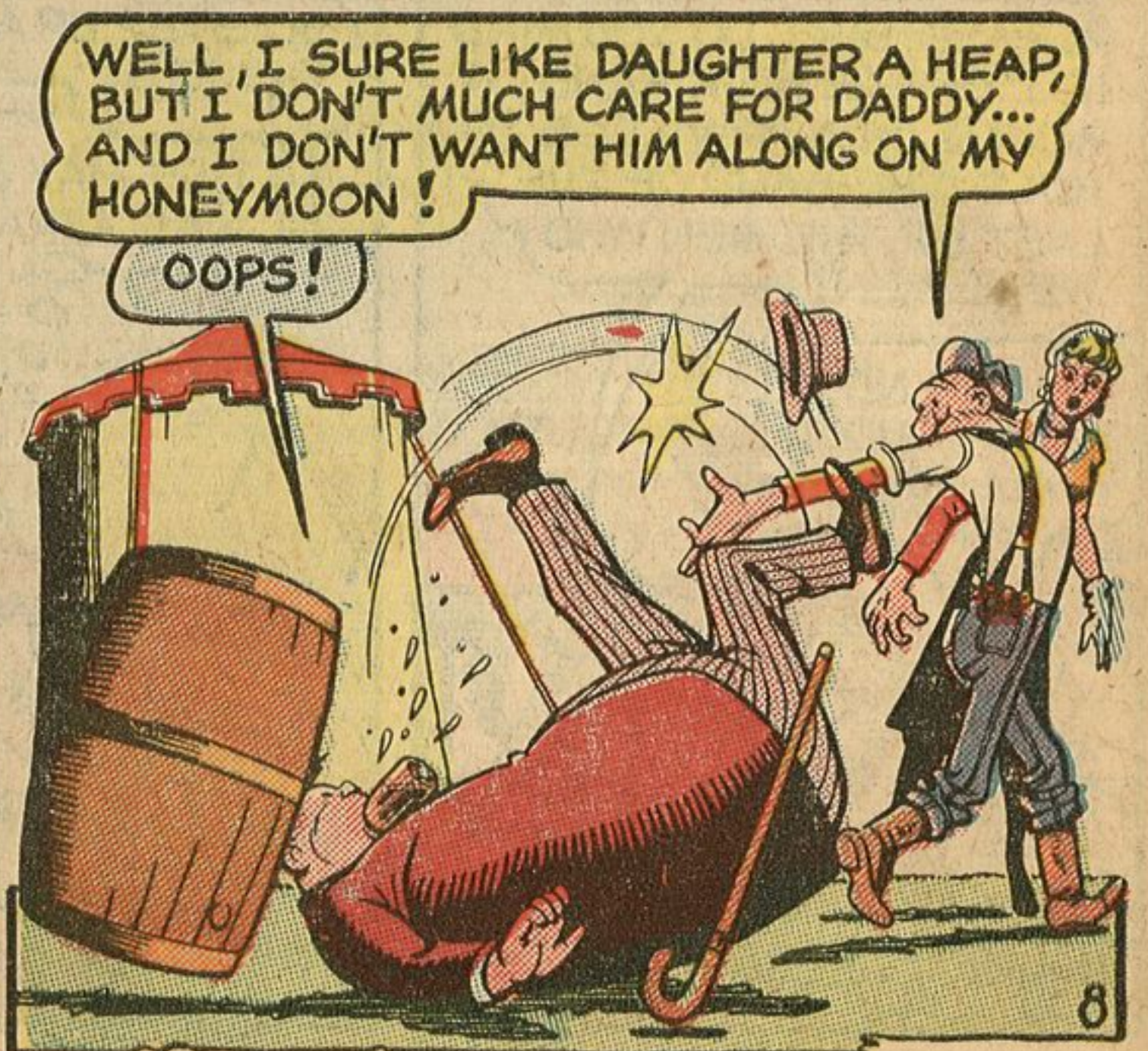
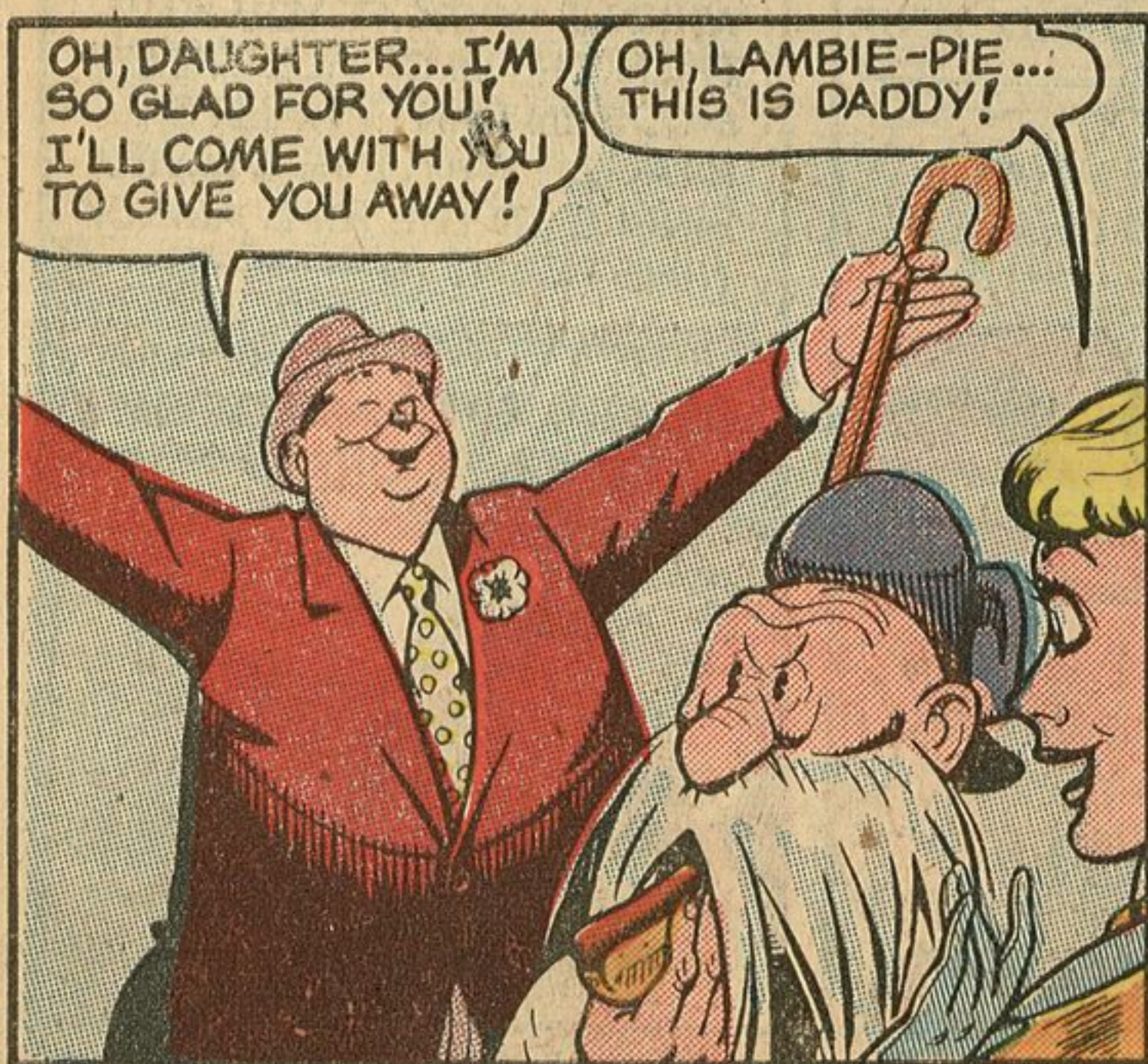
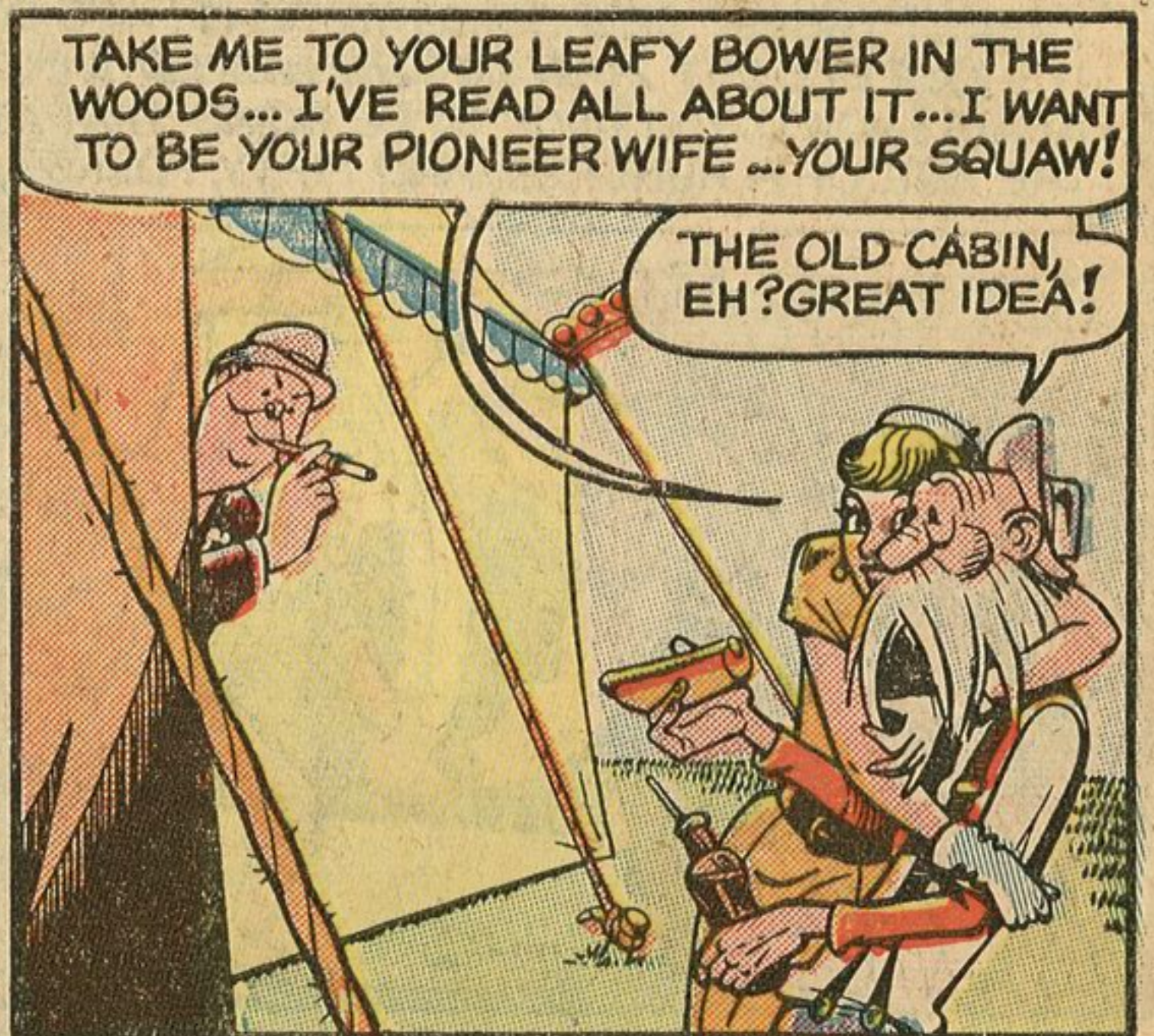
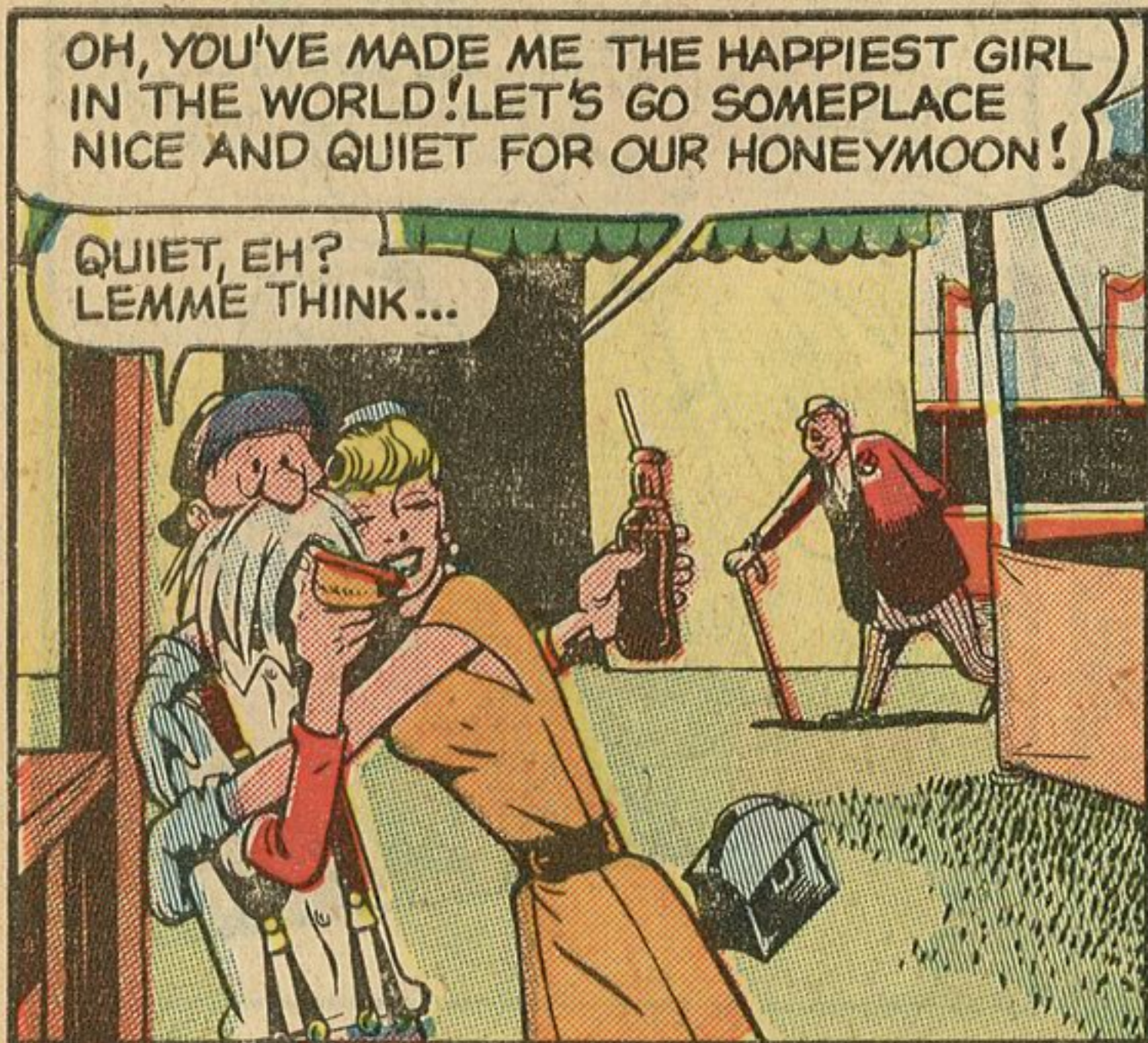
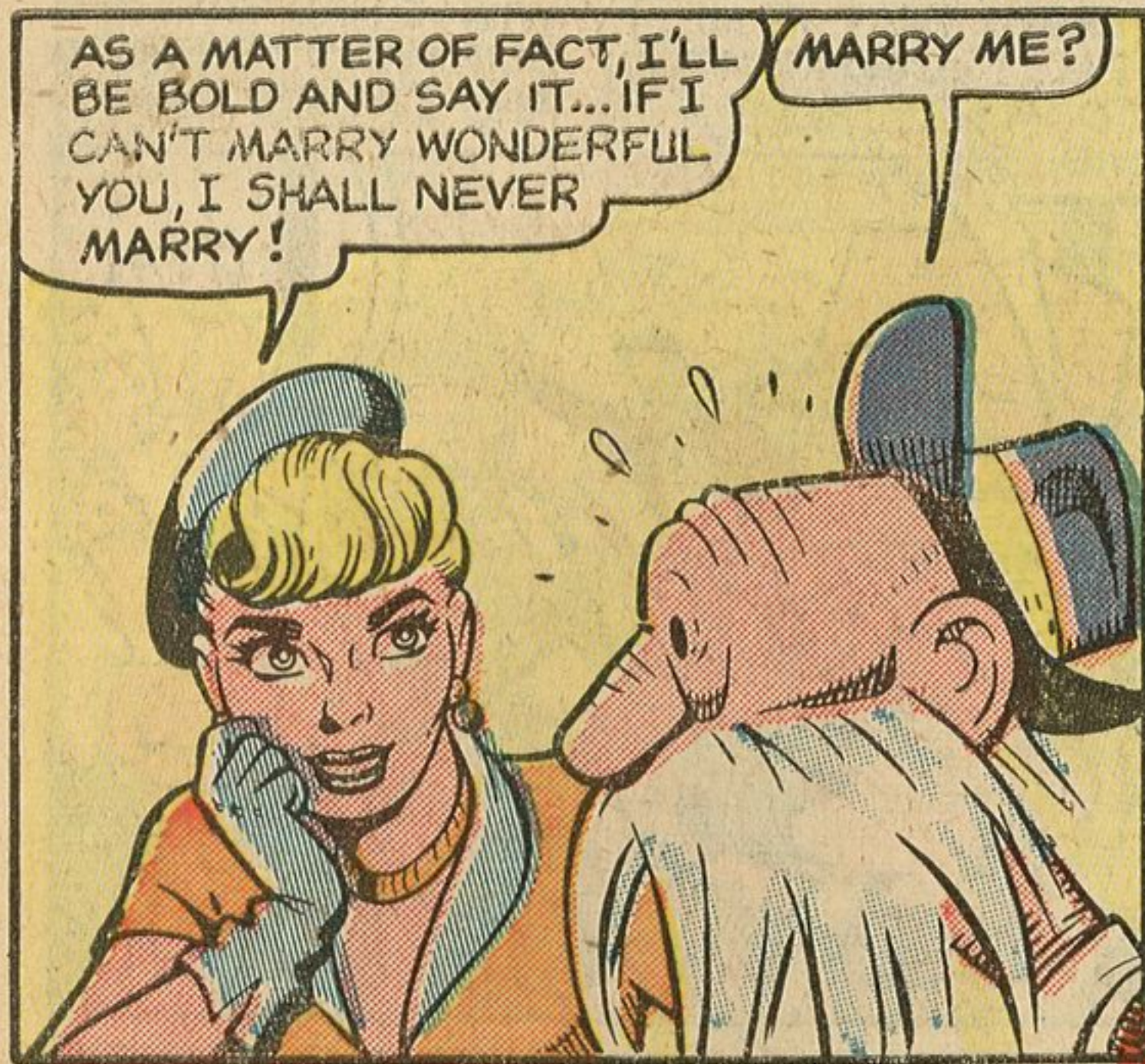


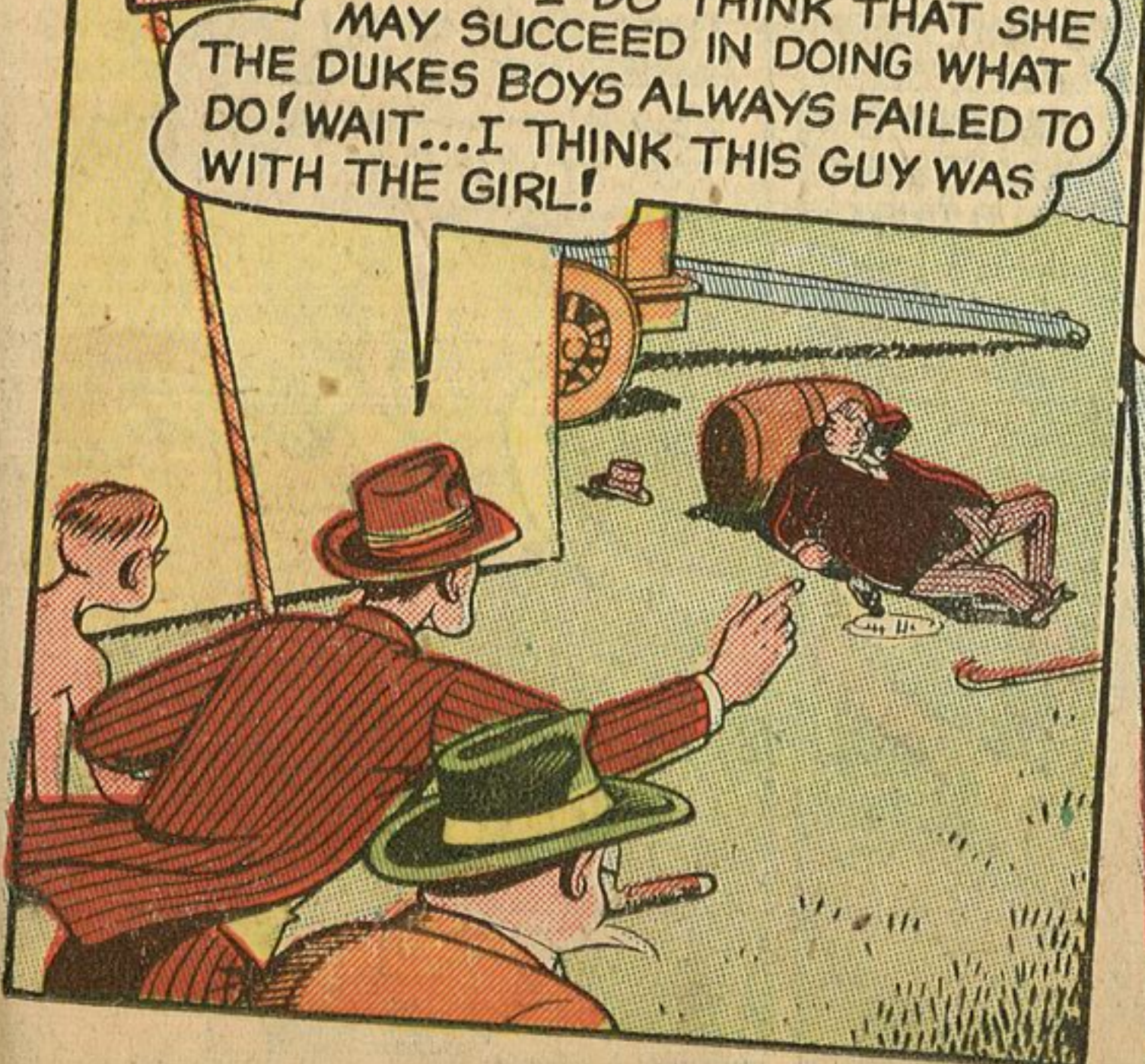
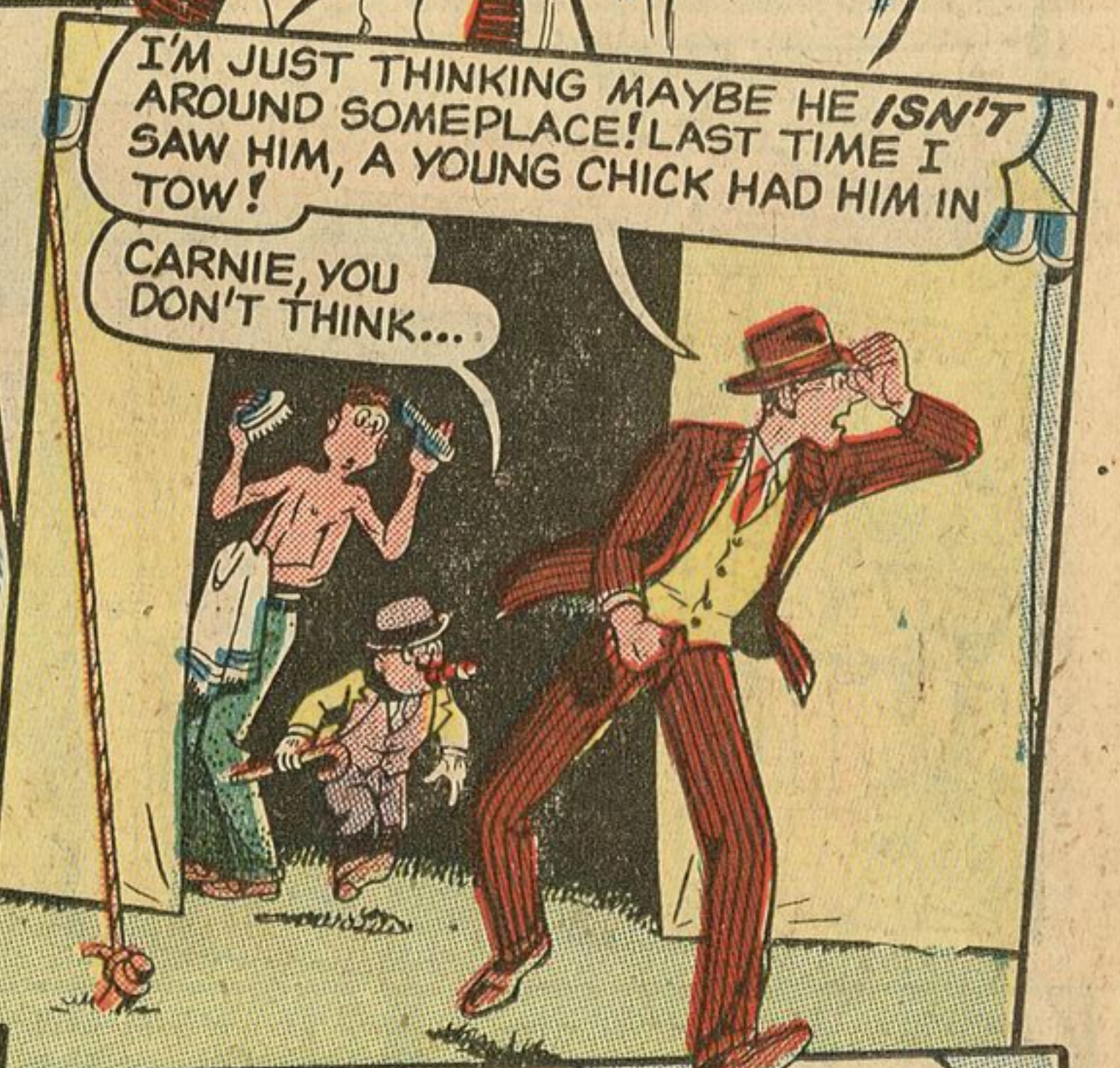
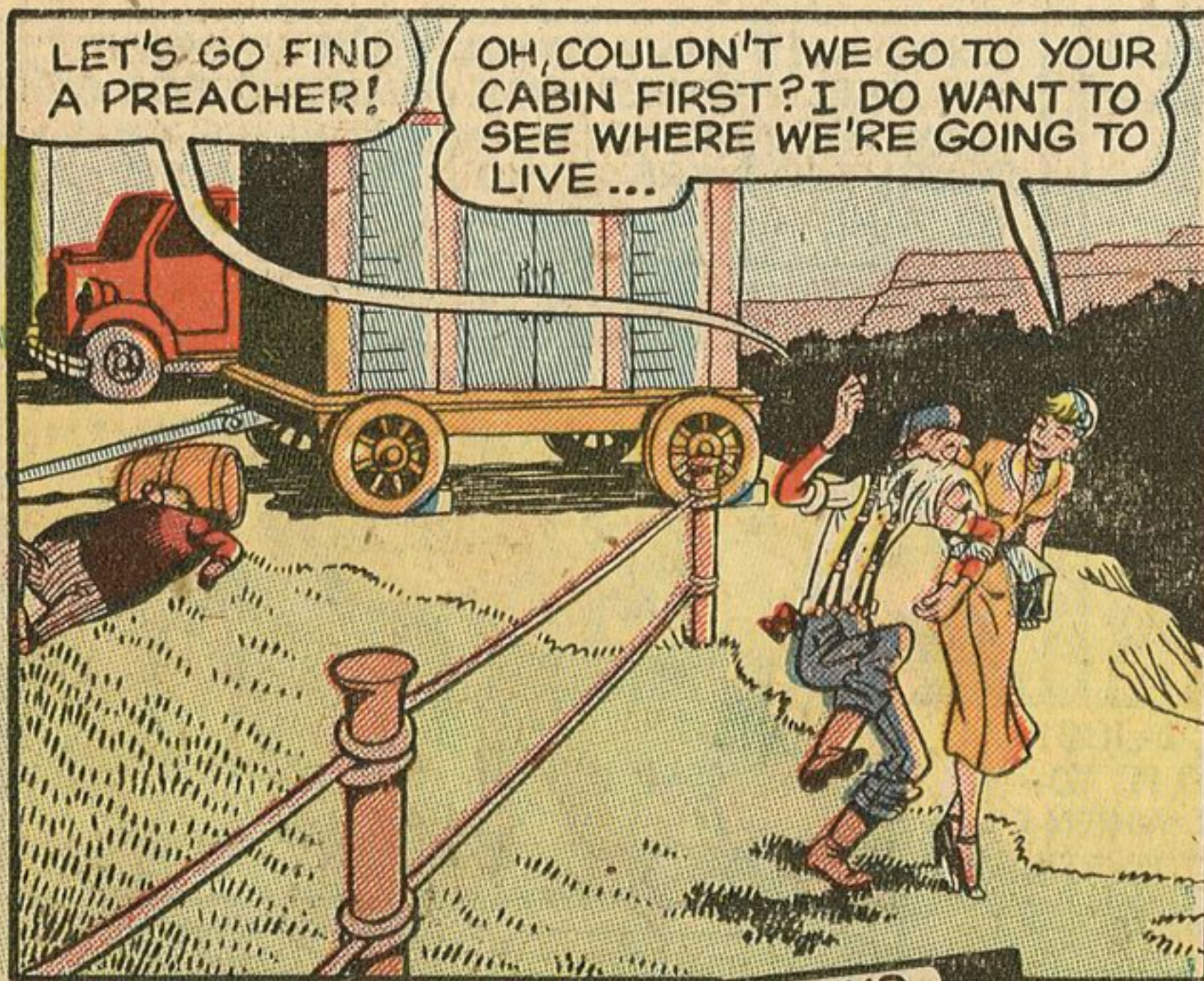
GULP!

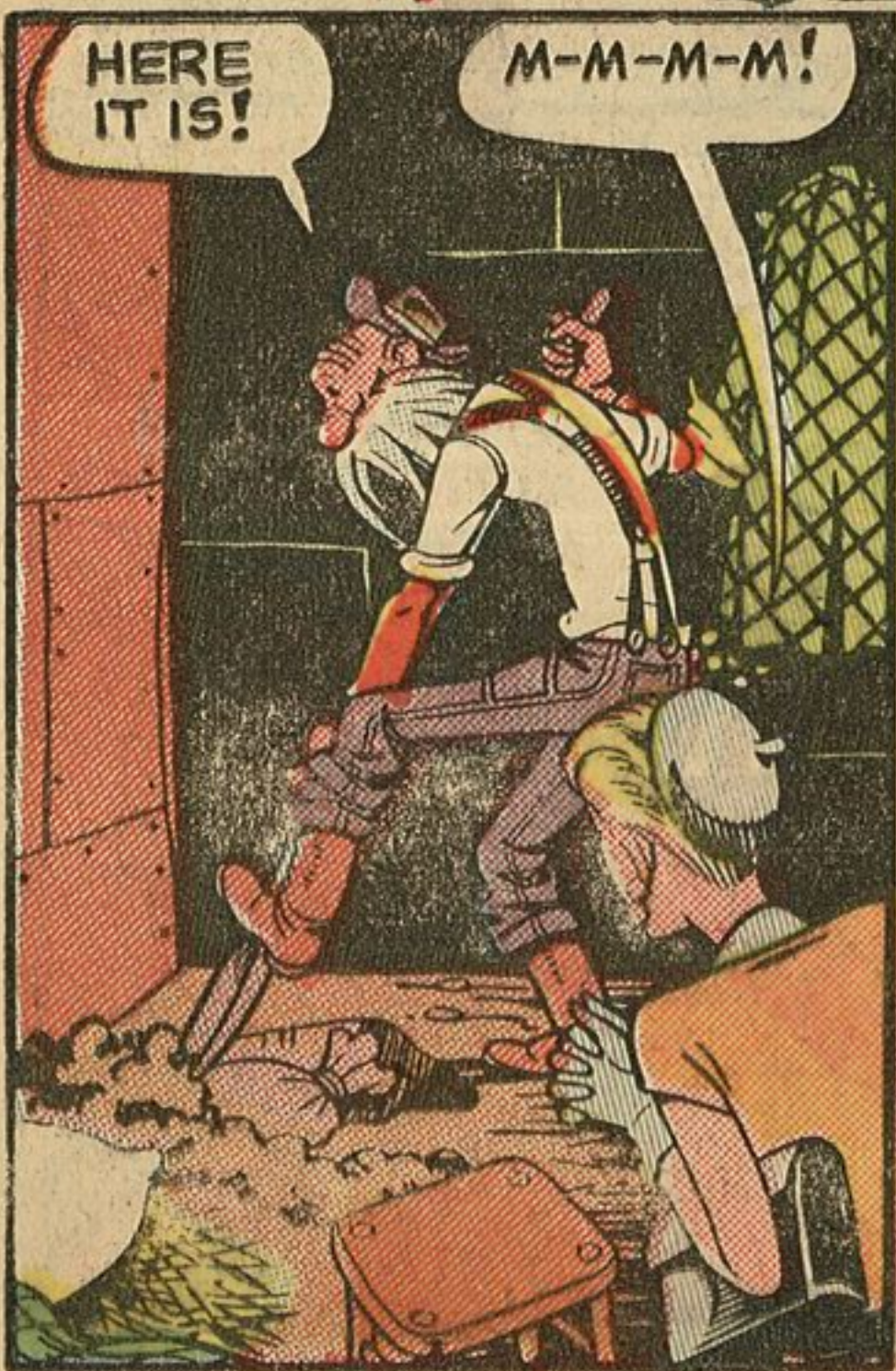
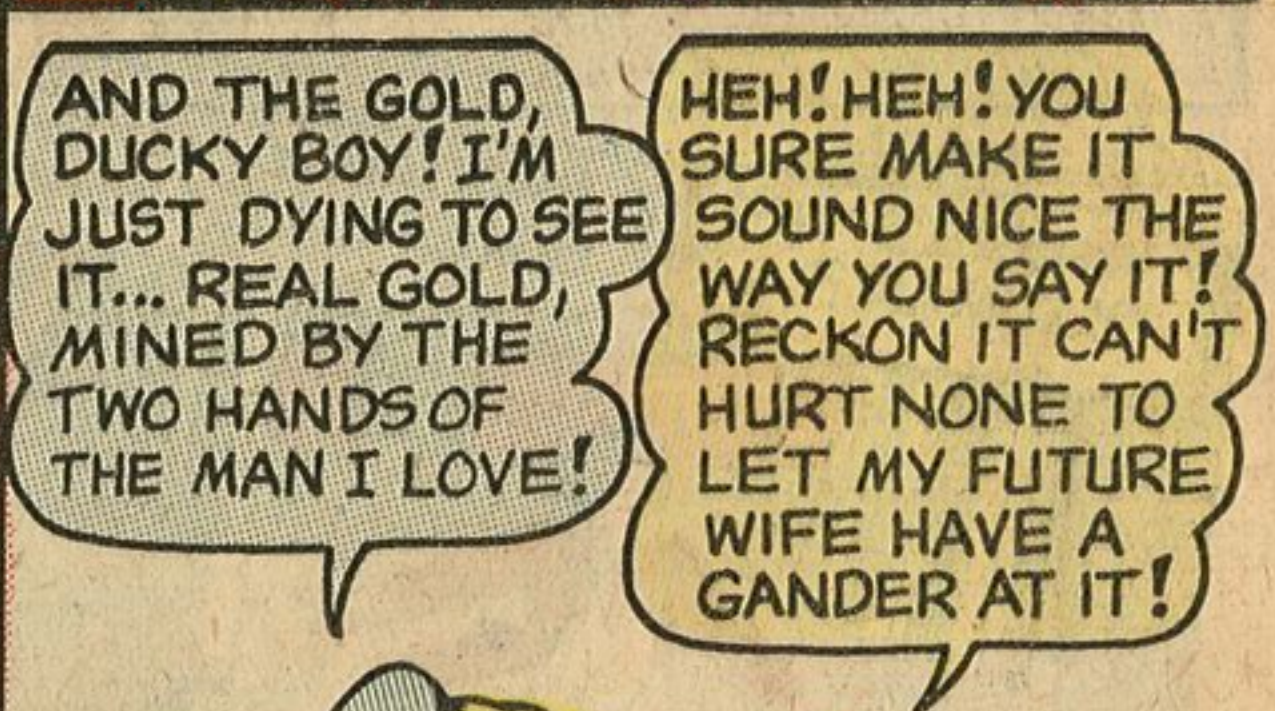
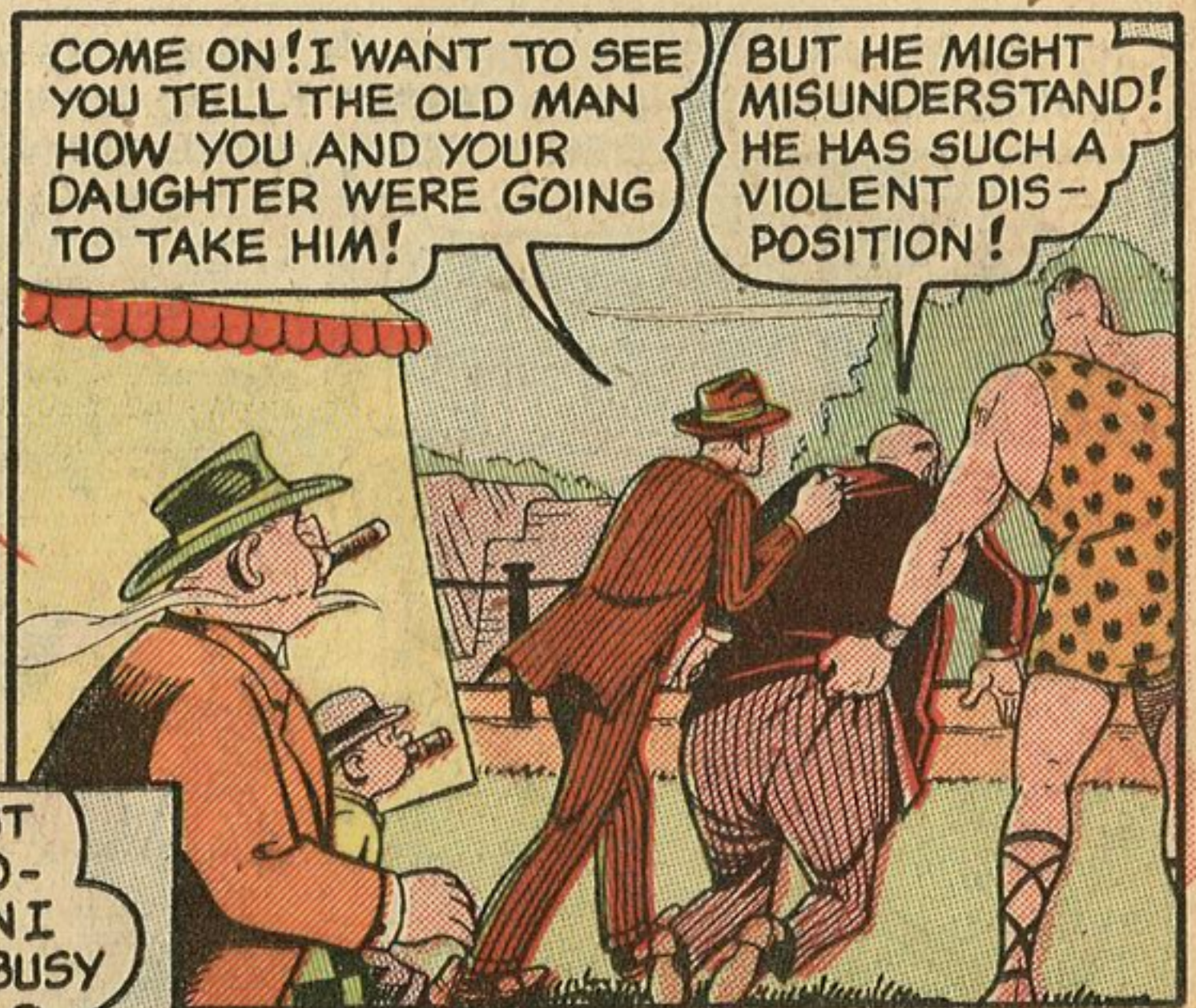
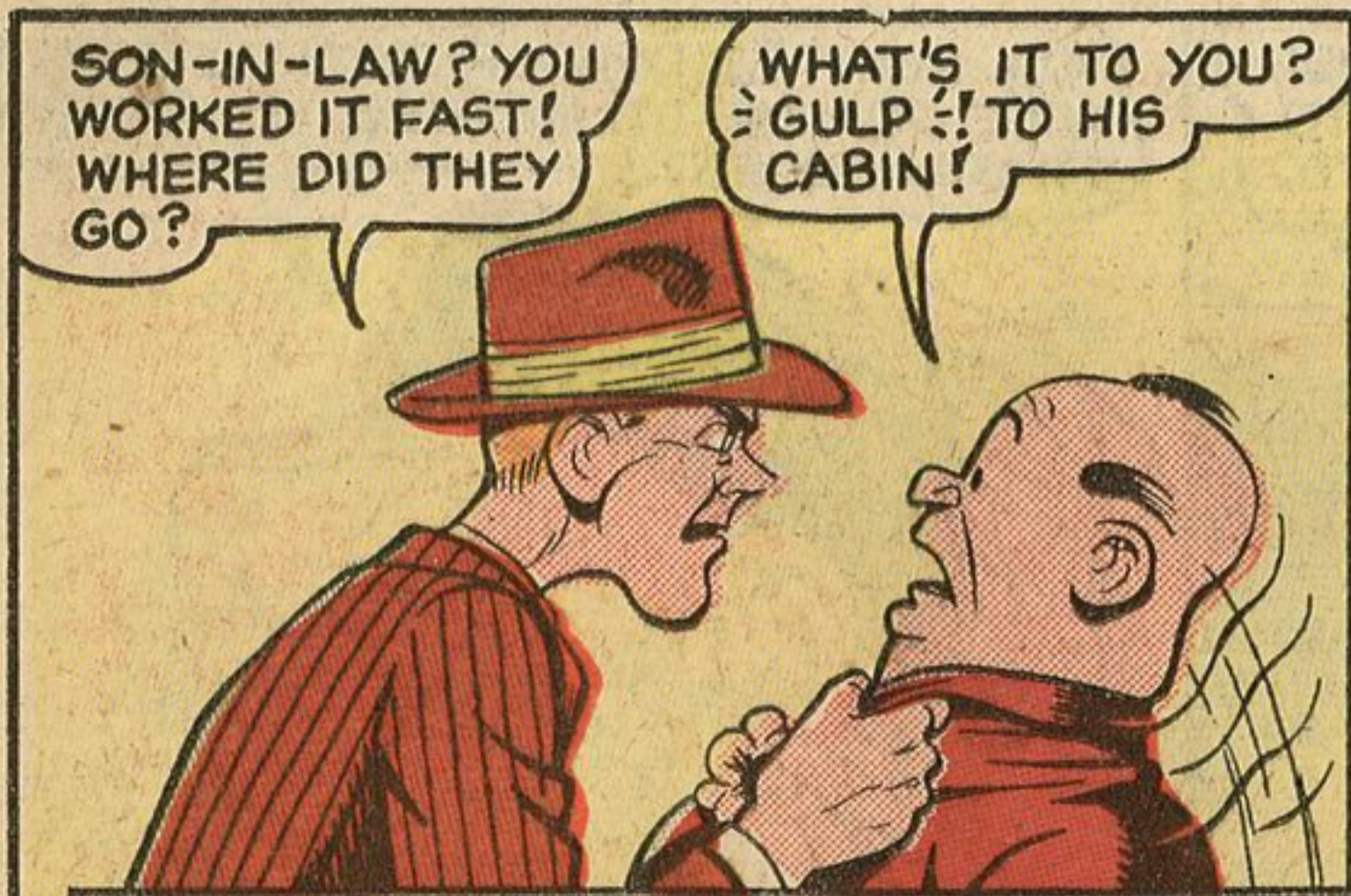












OH, DADDY... THAT MONSTER LURED ME HERE UNDER FALSE PRETENSES! HE ONLY HAS SEVEN HUNDRED BUCKS!

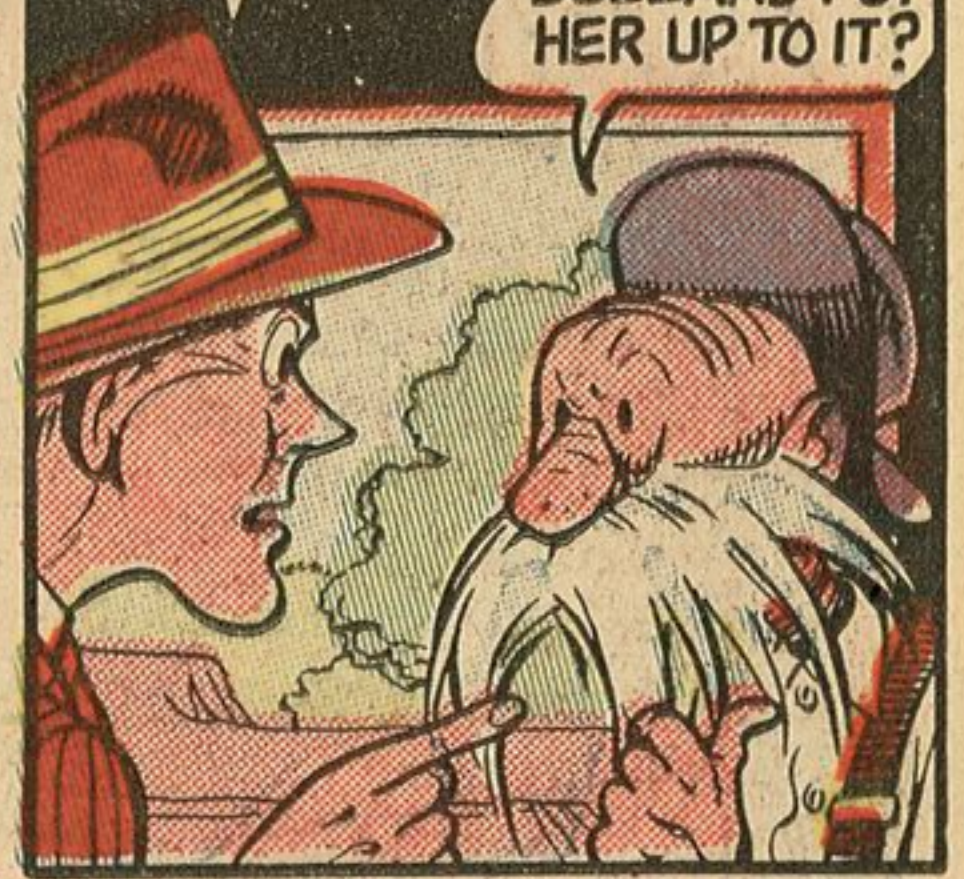
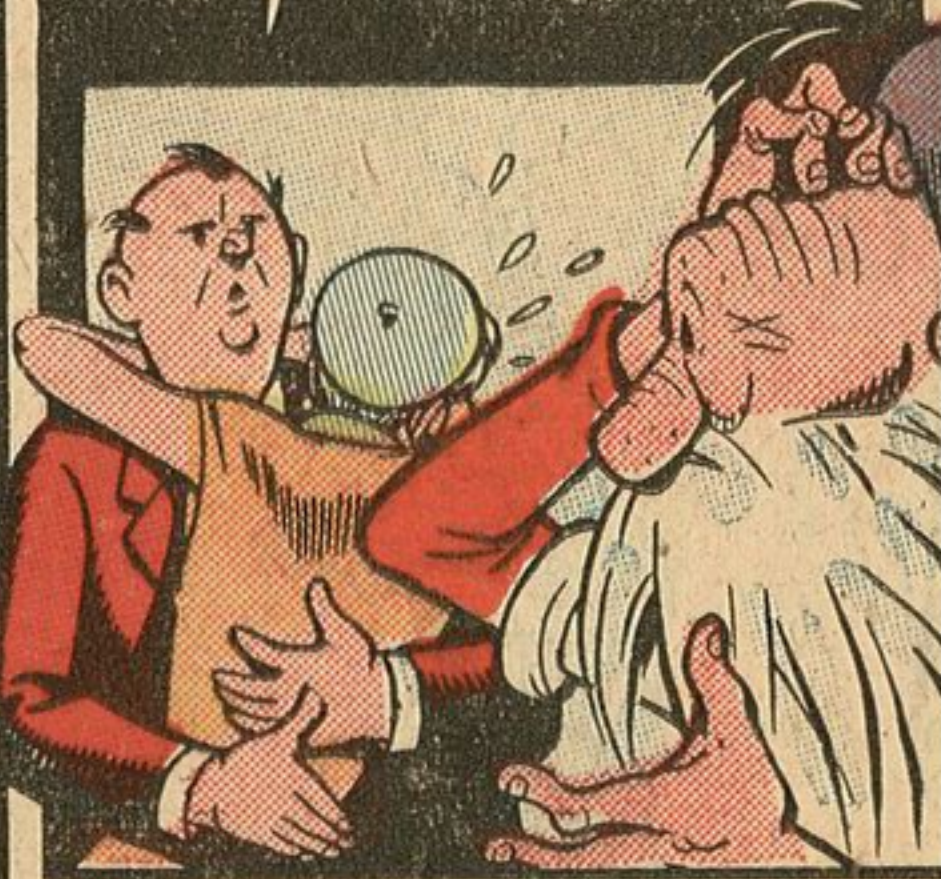
TSK! TSK! YOU SHOULD TEACH THE MONSTER A LESSON, DADDY!

WHAT'S EATING YOU? SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IS A LOT OF MONEY! IT TOOK ME TWO YEARS TO PAN IT!

THERE, THERE, DAUGHTER!

THEY DON'T THINK IT'S ENOUGH... THEY WERE PLANNING TO TAKE YOU FOR MUCH MORE!

WHAT? YOU MEAN, SHE WAS ONLY GOING TO MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY AND THAT OLD BUZZARD PUT HER UP TO IT?



THAT'S ABOUT IT!

RECKON I'LL MUSS HIM UP A BIT AFORE I GIT MY SHOTGUN OUT!



HA! HA! YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT FAST TO SCORE A HIT, GRUBSTAKE, AT THE RATE THEY'RE HOTFOOTING IT!



WELL, MEBBE I'D JUST BE WASTING GOOD SHELLS ON A CRITTER LIKE THAT ANYWAY! SAY, IS IT TRUE THAT SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS AIN'T MUCH MONEY THESE DAYS?

WELL...ER...TIMES HAVE CHANGED, YOU KNOW...YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY RICH! BUT YOU'LL MAKE A LOT MORE IN THE CIRCUS!

HEY, WHERE YOU GOING WITH THE GOLD DUST, OLD TIMER?

SHUCKS, NO SENSE KEEPIN' IT IF IT DON'T AMOUNT TO MUCH! RECKON I'LL JUST HAVE SOME FUN SPENDIN' IT INSTEAD O'GOIN' BACK TO THE CIRCUS!

AWRK!



Sally O'NEIL

SALLY O'NEIL, policewoman, halts a miniature crime-wave, when she catches up with a malicious midget, MR. MALEVOLENCE!



Night on a carnival lot...

TINY TED, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? IT'S TIME FOR YOUR ACT!

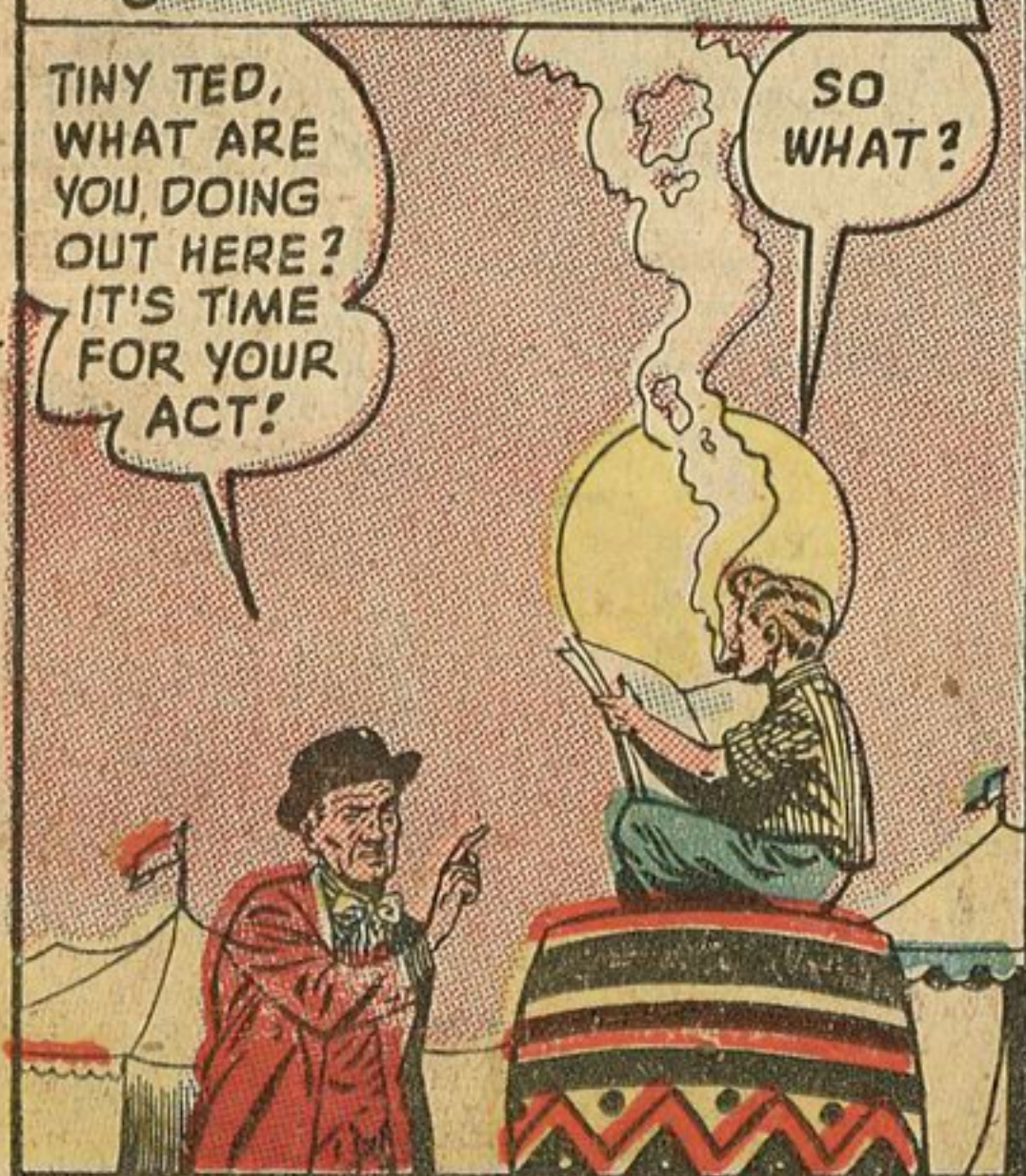
SO WHAT?

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING PAID FOR? EITHER GET TO WORK OR YOU'RE THROUGH!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT STUFF, BENTON! YOU COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT ME IN YOUR SHOW!

YOU'RE WRONG THERE, SHRIMP! I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH OF YOUR INSOLENCE! YOU'RE FIRED!

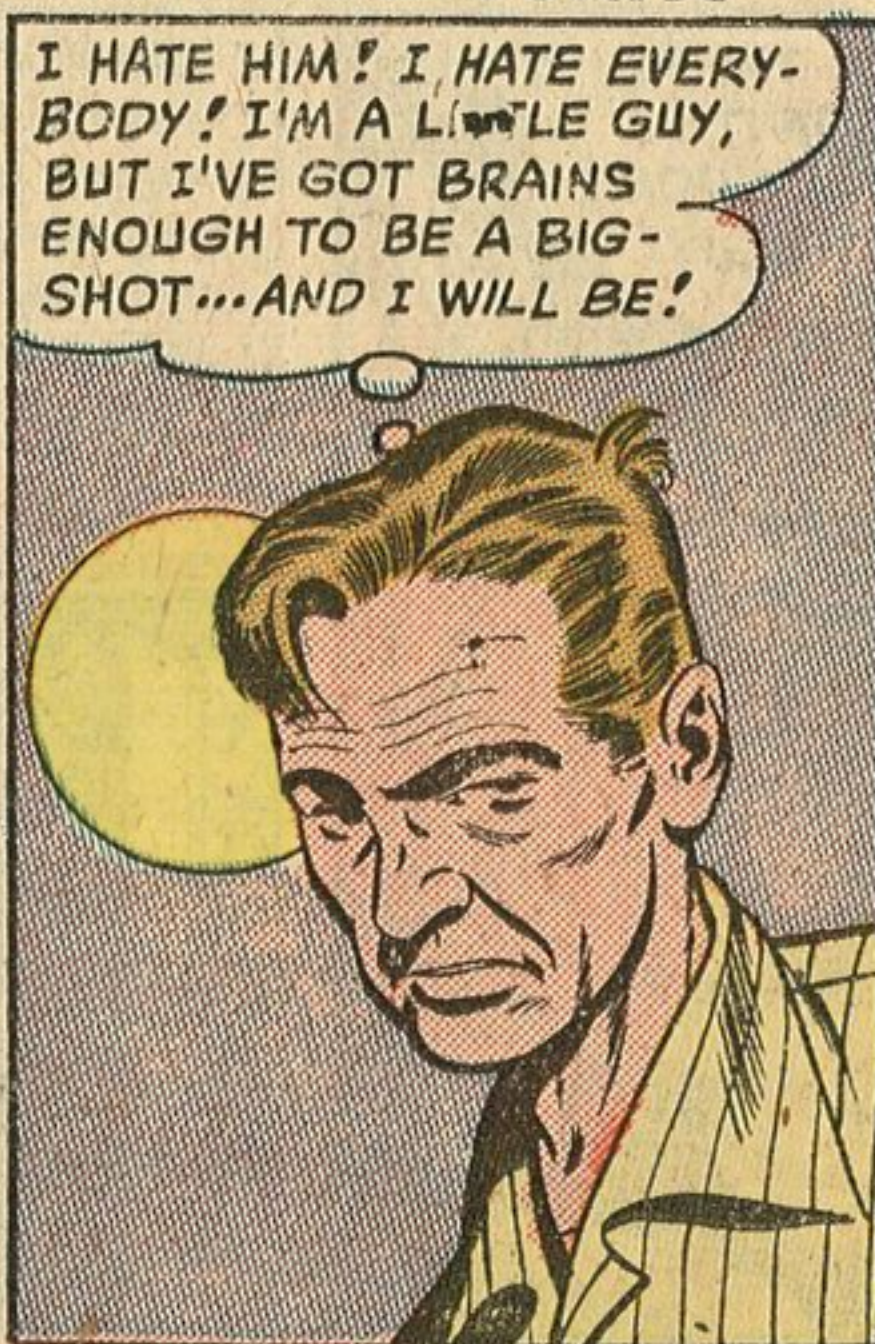
I QUIT!



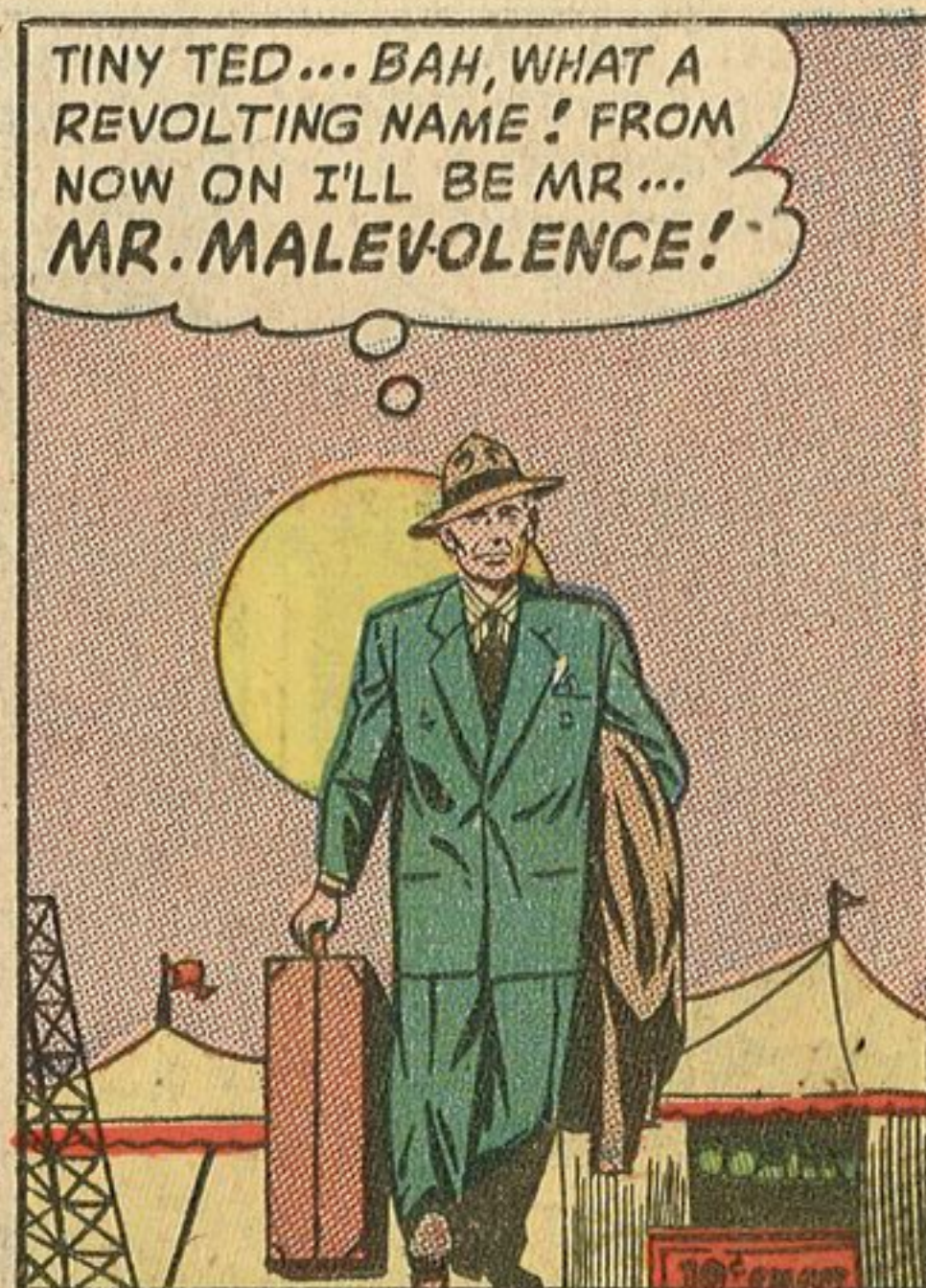


TRY TO FIND
ANOTHER JOB!
SEE HOW WELL
YOU GET ALONG
WITHOUT
ME!

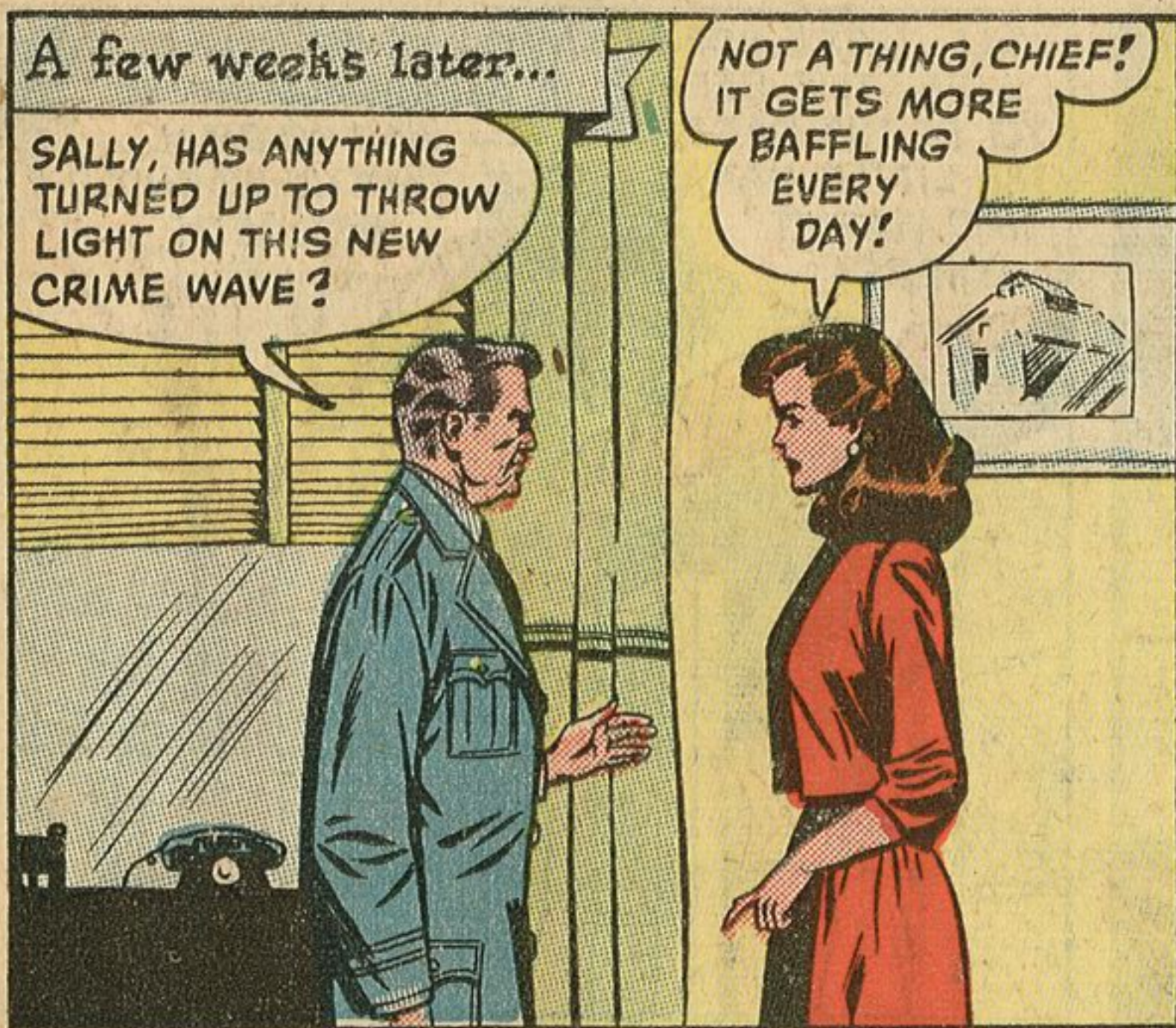
THINK YOU'RE
IMPORTANT,
DON'T YOU?
YOU'LL SEE!



I HATE HIM! I HATE EVERY-
BODY! I'M A LITTLE GUY,
BUT I'VE GOT BRAINS
ENOUGH TO BE A BIG-
SHOT...AND I WILL BE!



TINY TED... BAH, WHAT A
REVOLTING NAME! FROM
NOW ON I'LL BE MR...
MR. MALEVOLENCE!



A few weeks later...

SALLY, HAS ANYTHING
TURNED UP TO THROW
LIGHT ON THIS NEW
CRIME WAVE?

NOT A THING, CHIEF!
IT GETS MORE
BAFFLING
EVERY
DAY!



THE CROOKS NEVER SEEM TO
WORK TWICE THE SAME WAY!
THEIR MOTIVE IS ALWAYS ROBBERY,
BUT THEY ALWAYS PULL THEIR JOBS
WITHOUT BEING
SEEN!



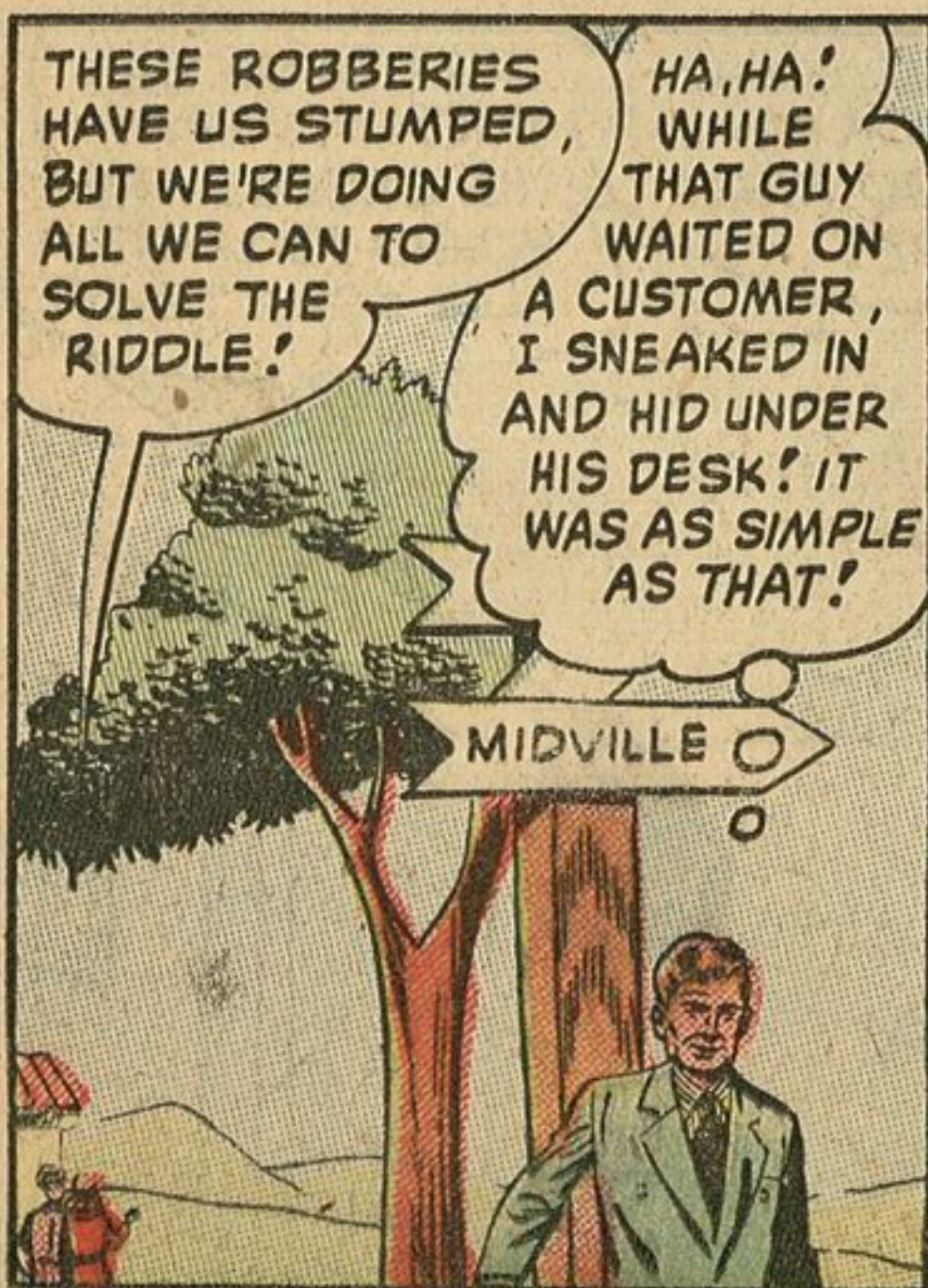
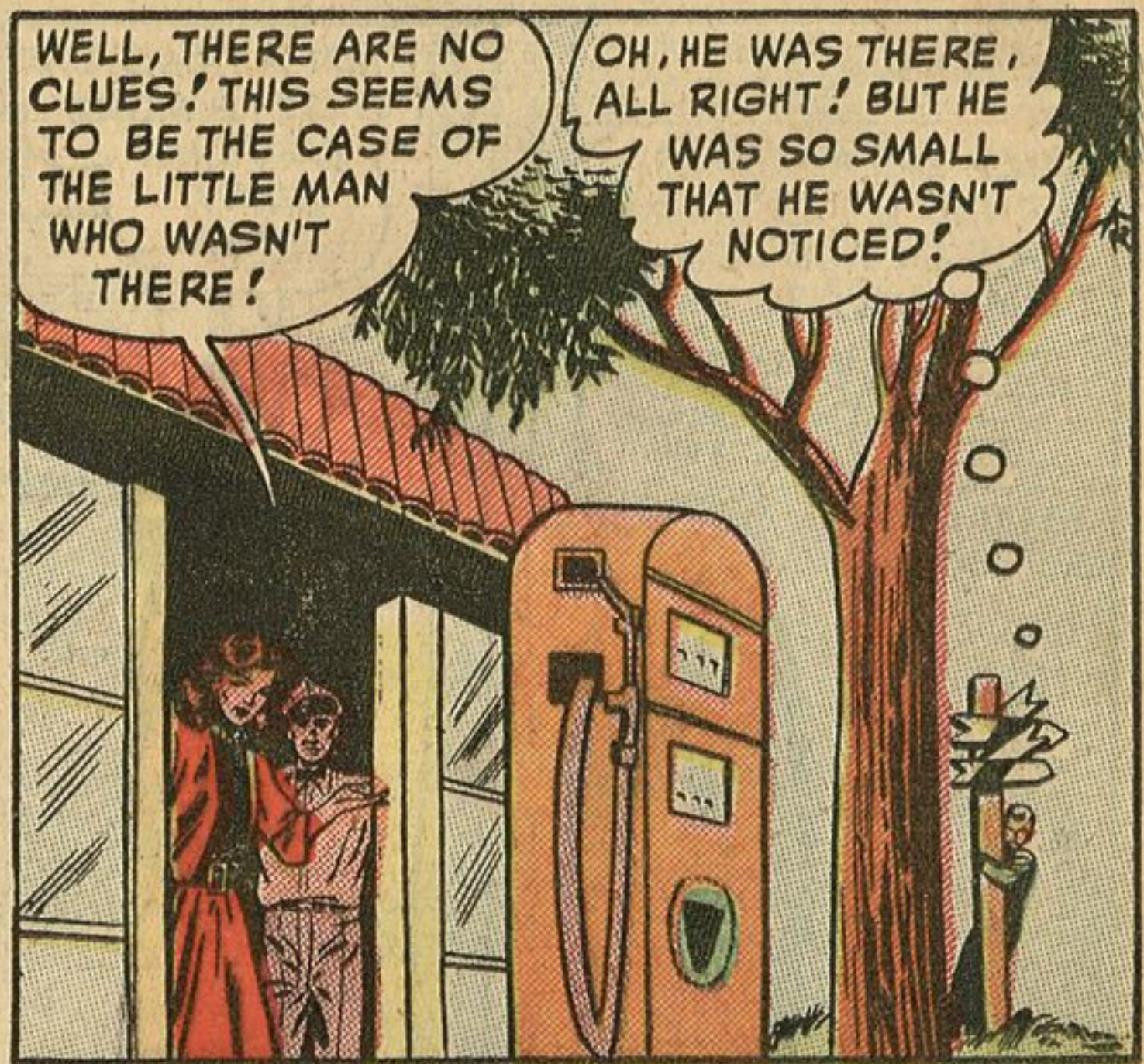
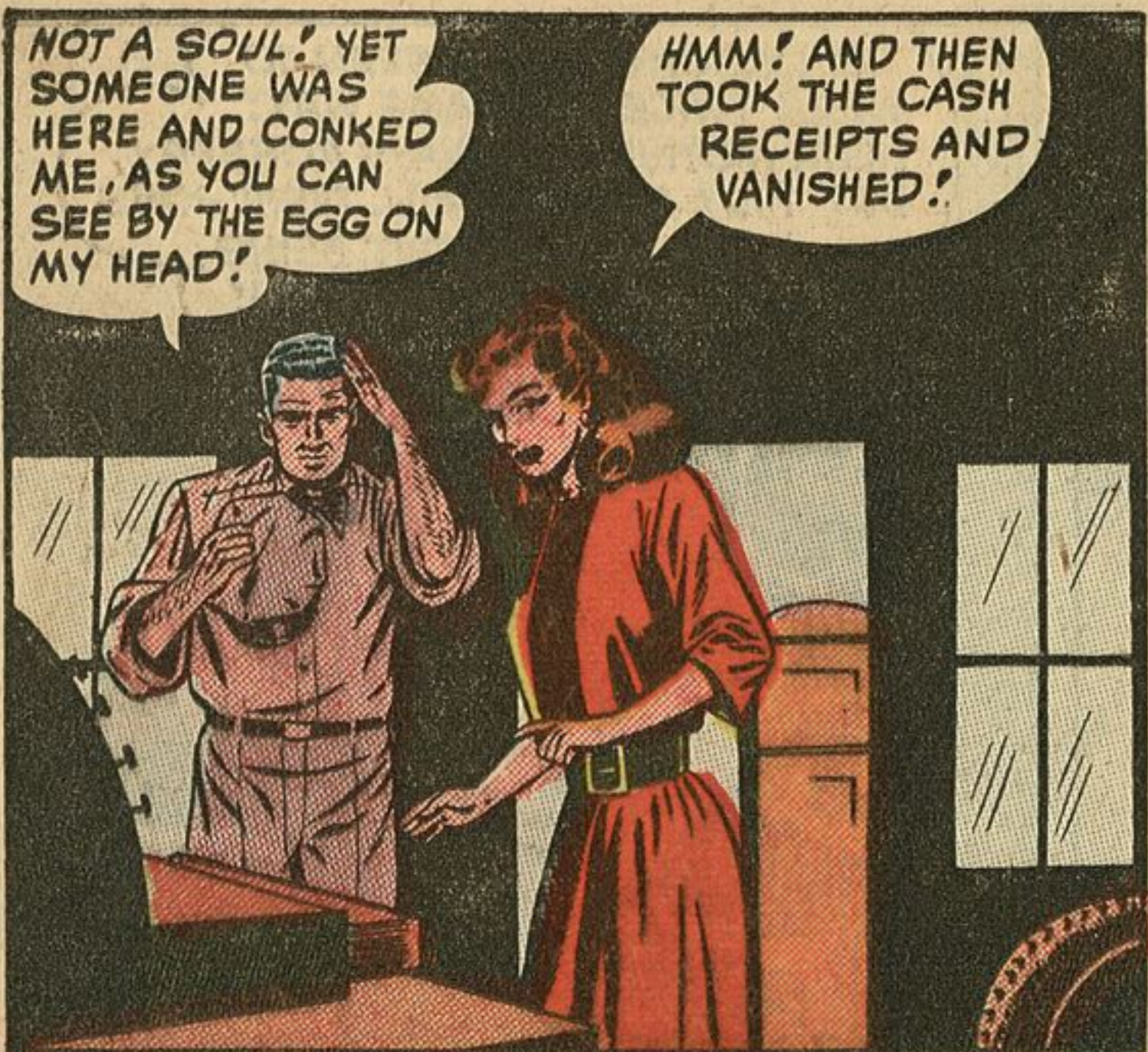
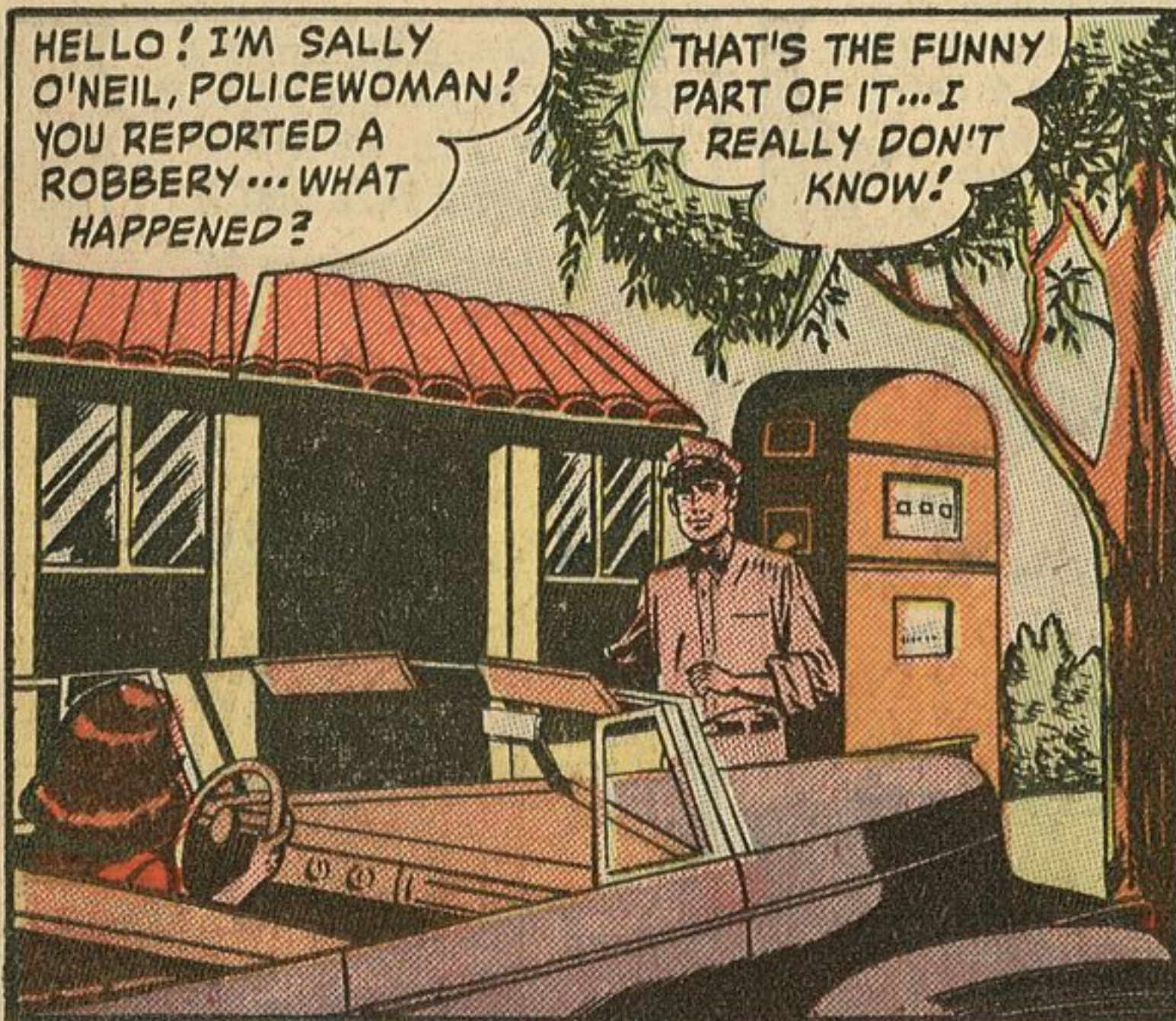
WHAT'S THAT?
THE STAR GAS
STATION AT FIRST
AND LYON? RIGHT
AWAY!

NOT
ANOTHER
HOLDUP?



YES, SALLY, THE MYSTERY
GANG HAS STRUCK AGAIN!
YOU'D BETTER GO RIGHT
OUT THERE!

I'M OFF ON THE
DOUBLE, CHIEF!
THE CROOKS ARE
BOUND TO LEAVE A
CLUE SOME TIME!



A few days later...

...IT WAS ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT! I WAS HERE ALONE! THE PHONE RANG, I ANSWERED, AND THAT'S ALL I KNOW!

A RAP OVER THE HEAD? IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

HAD YOU SEEN ANY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS AROUND?

NO! THE ONLY CUSTOMER FOR SOME TIME BEFORE THAT WAS A LITTLE BOY! HE BOUGHT SOME LOLLIPOPS AND STOOD AROUND LOOKING AT THE CANDY!

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE WAS A STRANGE-ACTING KID!

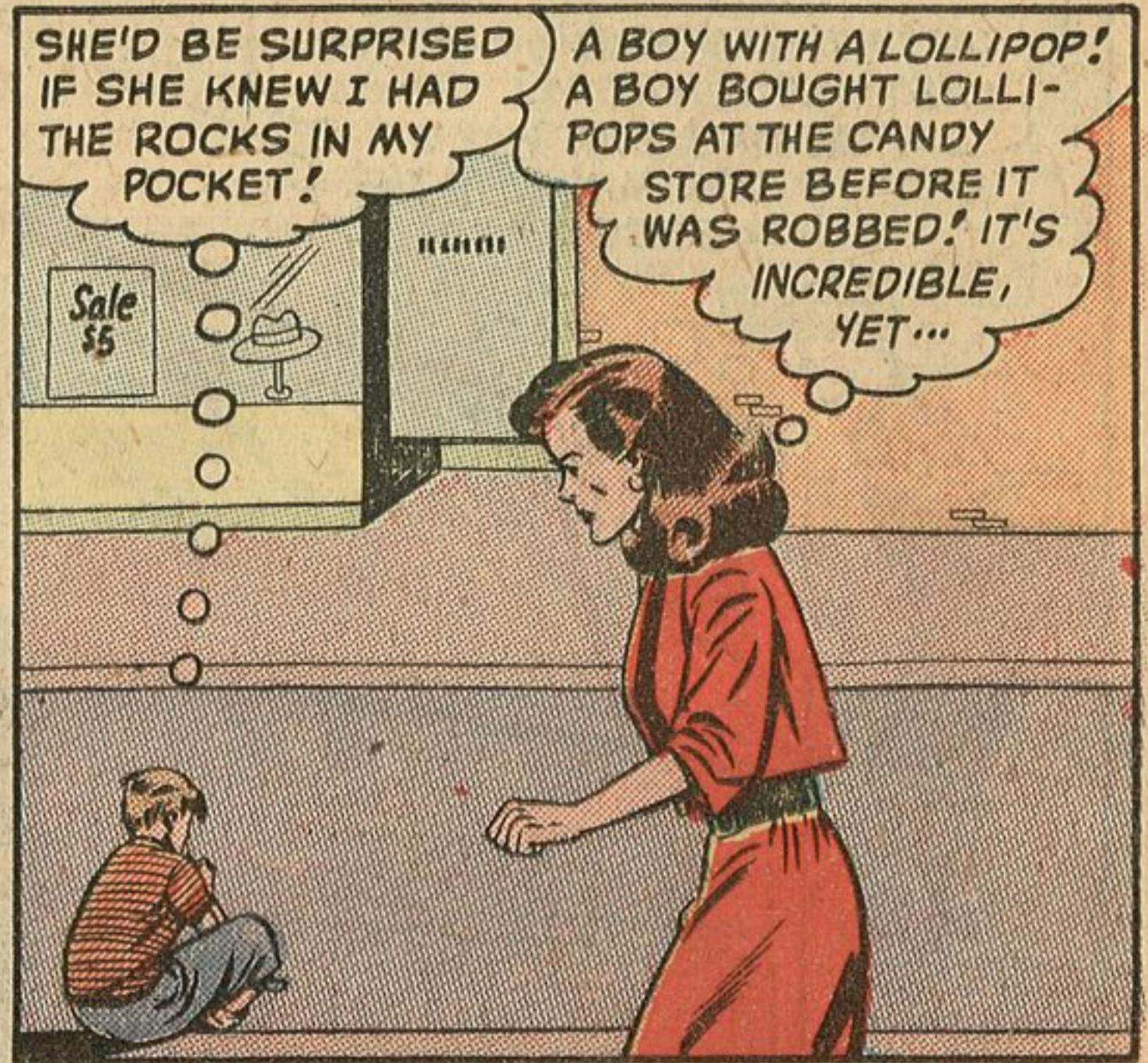
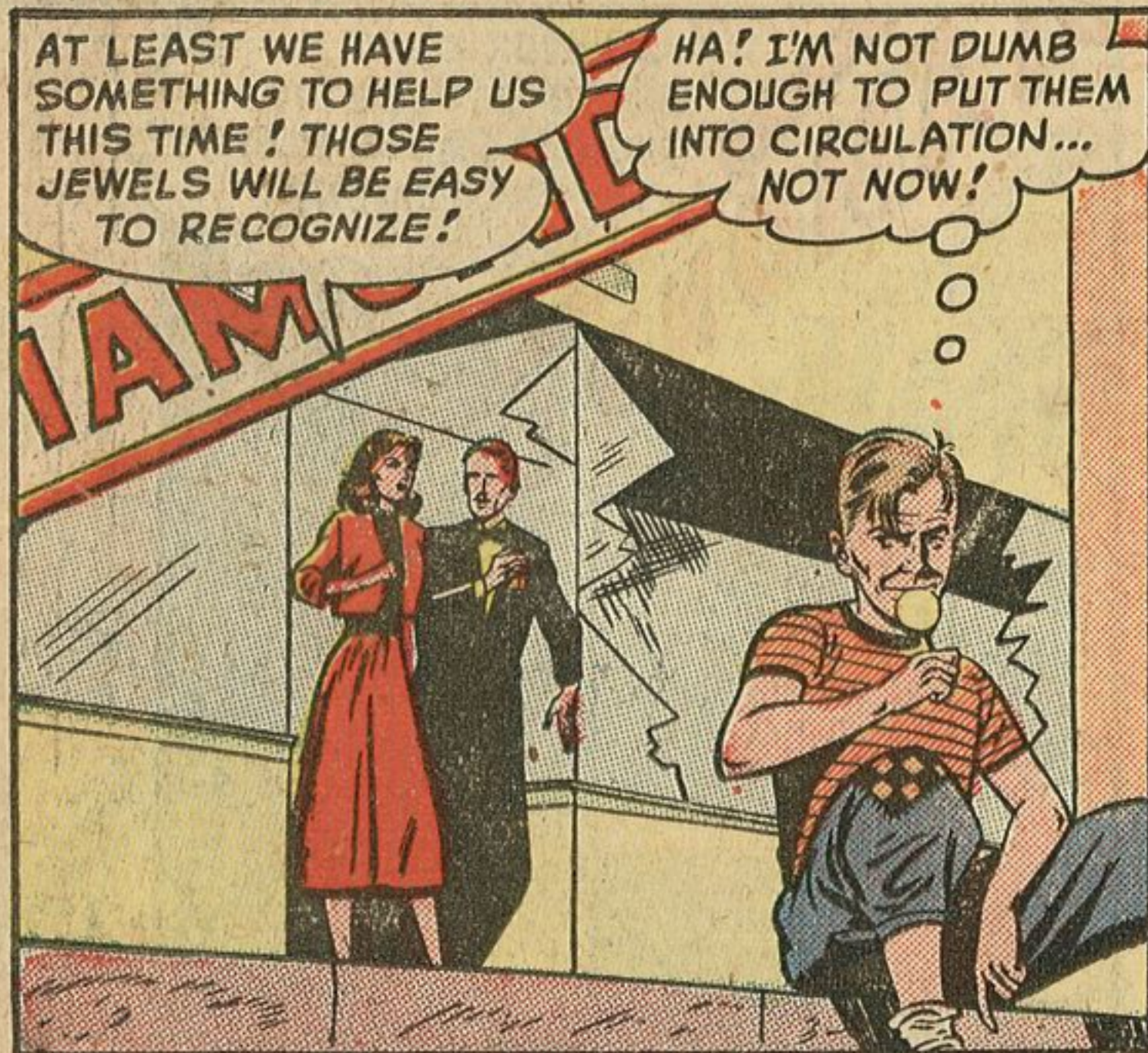
WHY WOULD A LITTLE BOY BE OUT ALONE, BUYING CANDY AT THAT HOUR? Hmm... BBT A CHILD COULDN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THESE ROBBERIES!

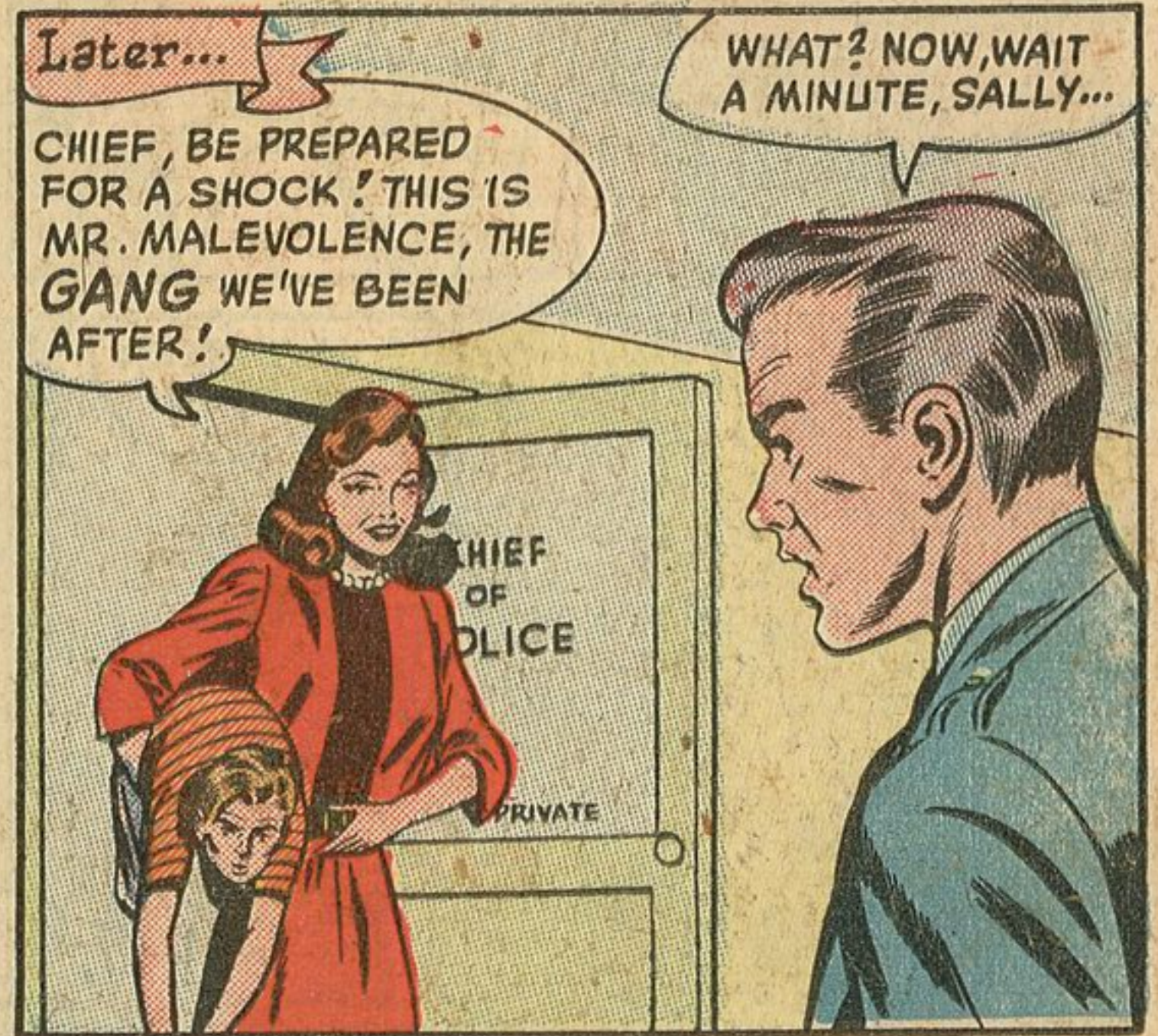
THAT KID GAG WORKED SO WELL LAST NIGHT THAT I'LL TRY IT AGAIN! THAT WAY I CAN MIX WITH THE CROWD AND WATCH THE FUN!

I NEVER USED A BOMB BEFORE! IT SHOULD CAUSE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT!

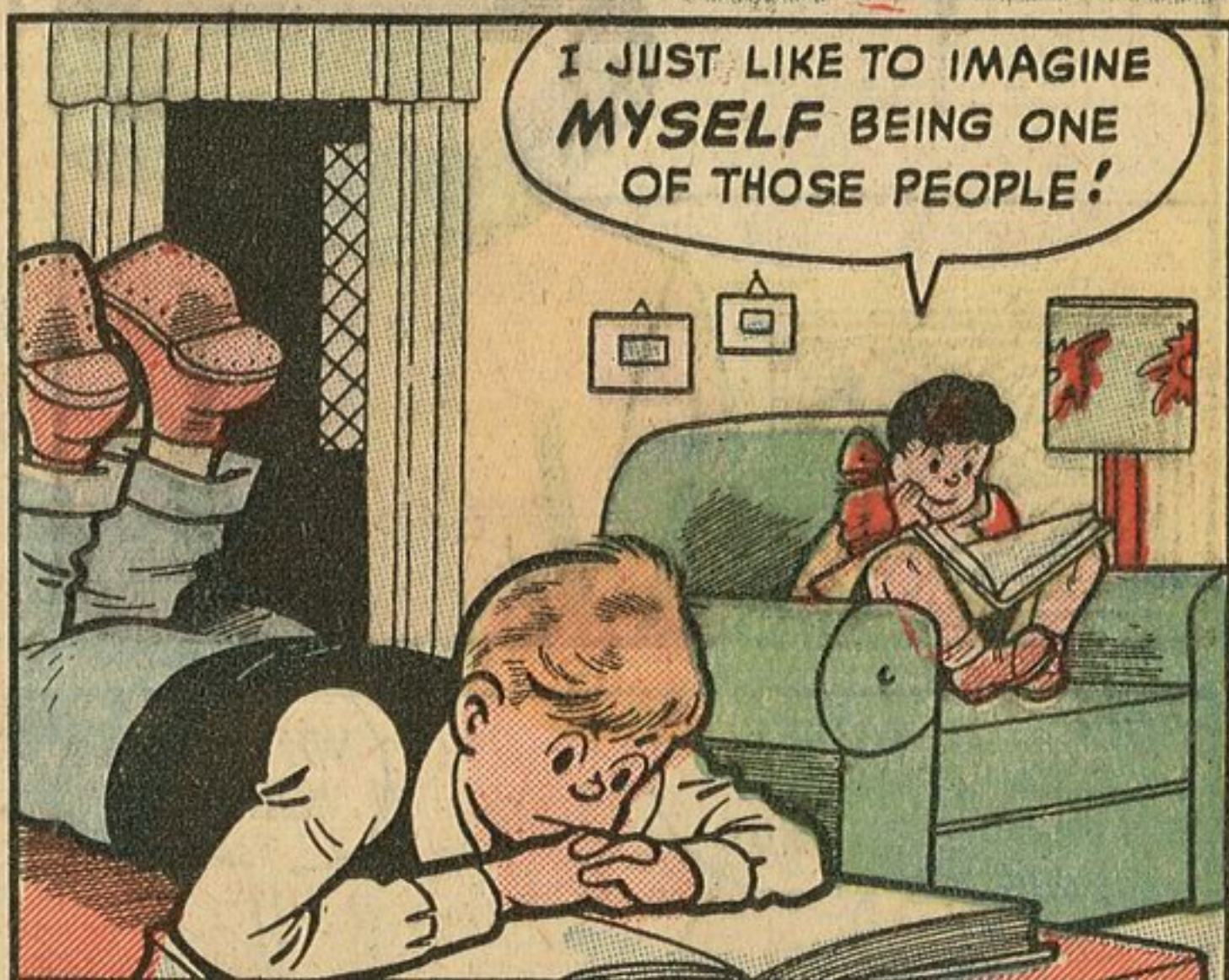
BARROOM!

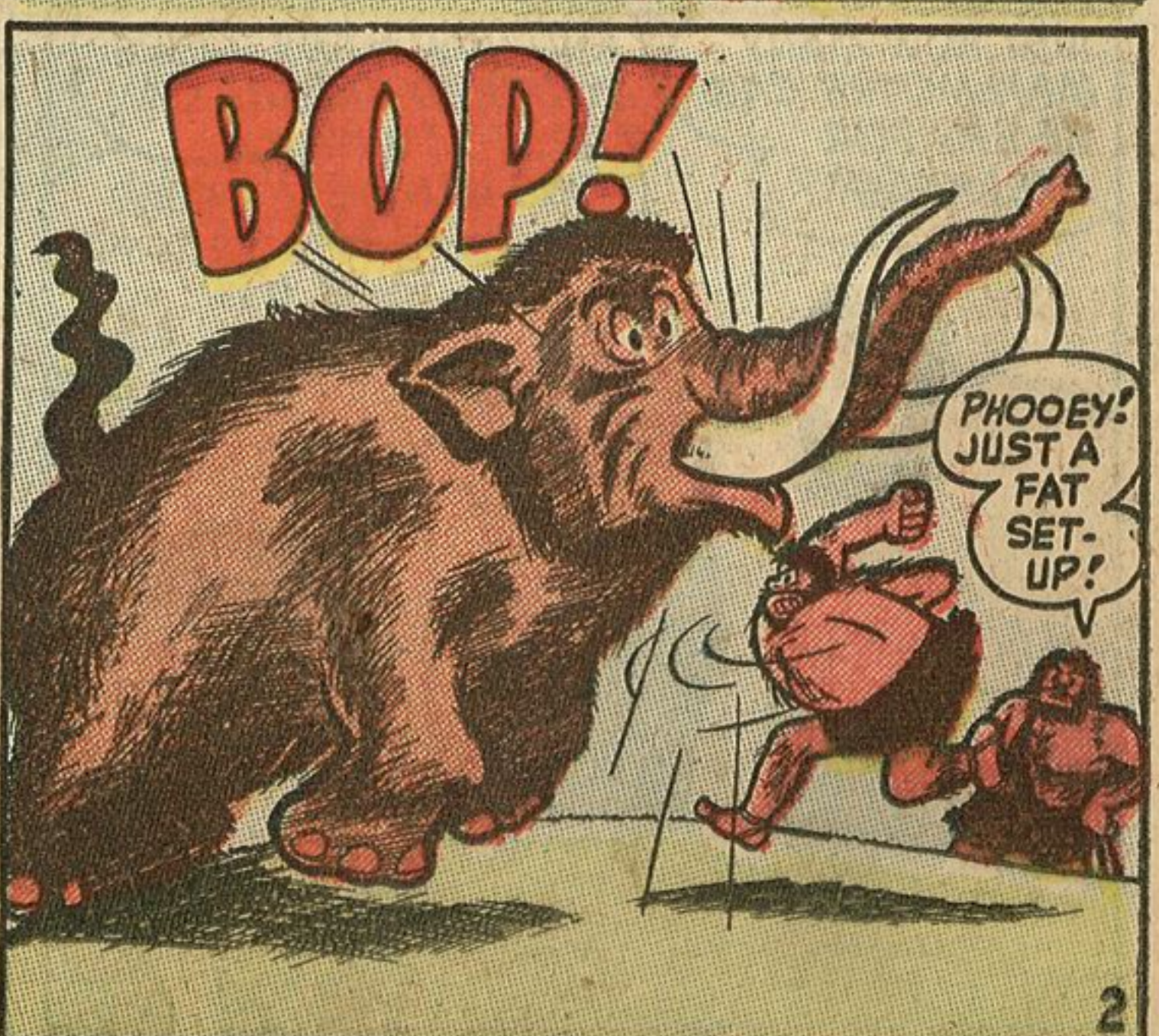
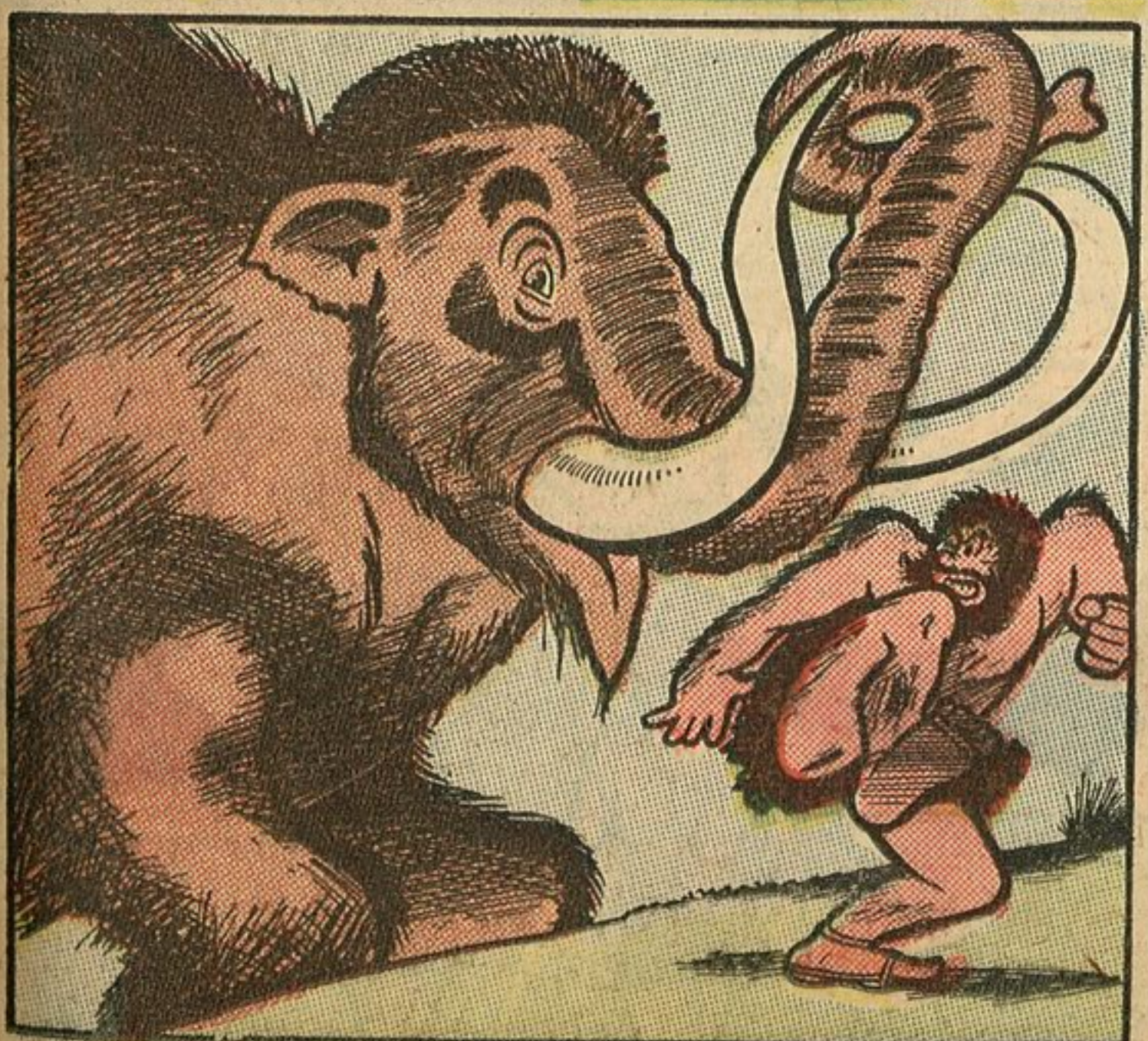
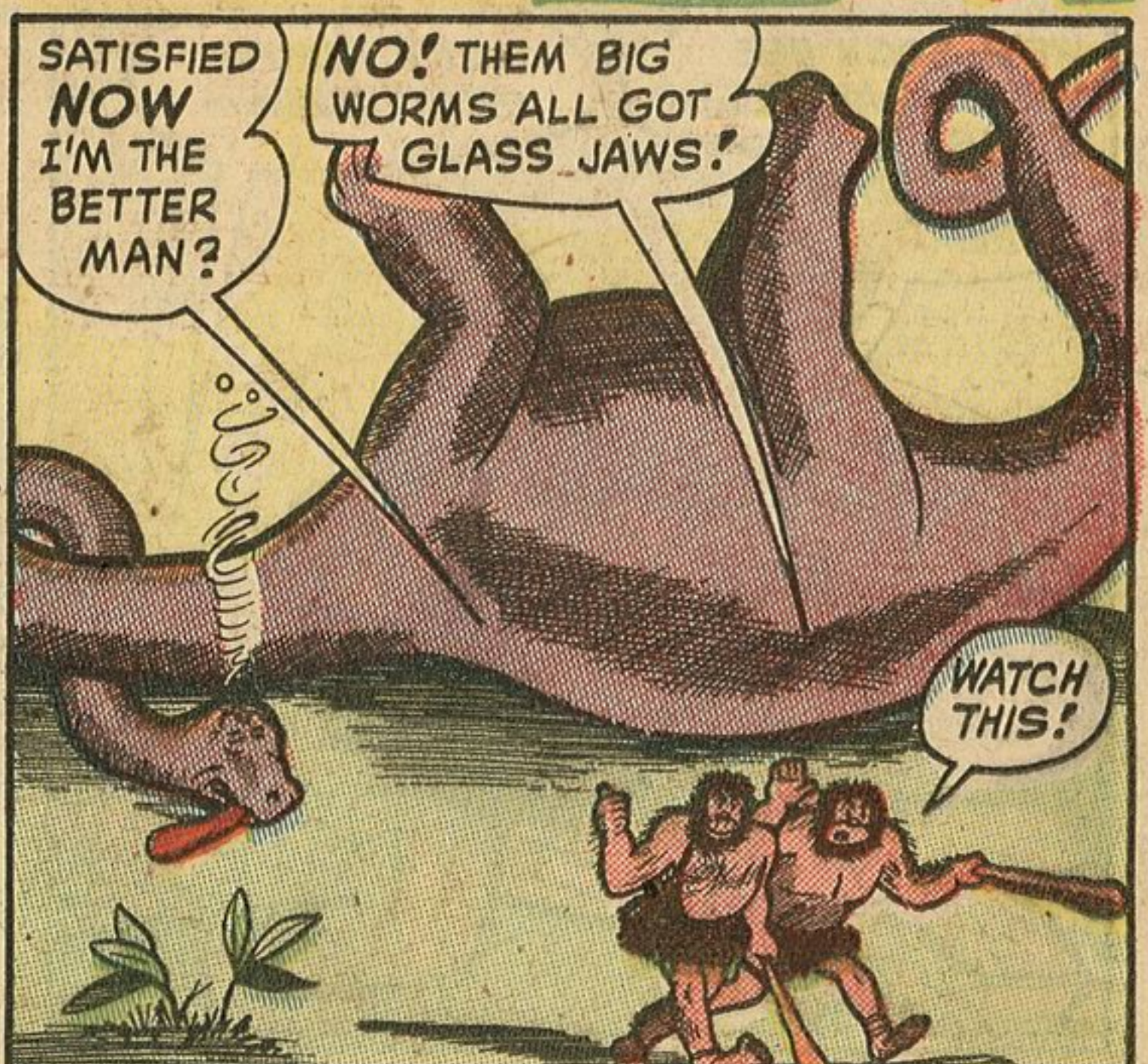
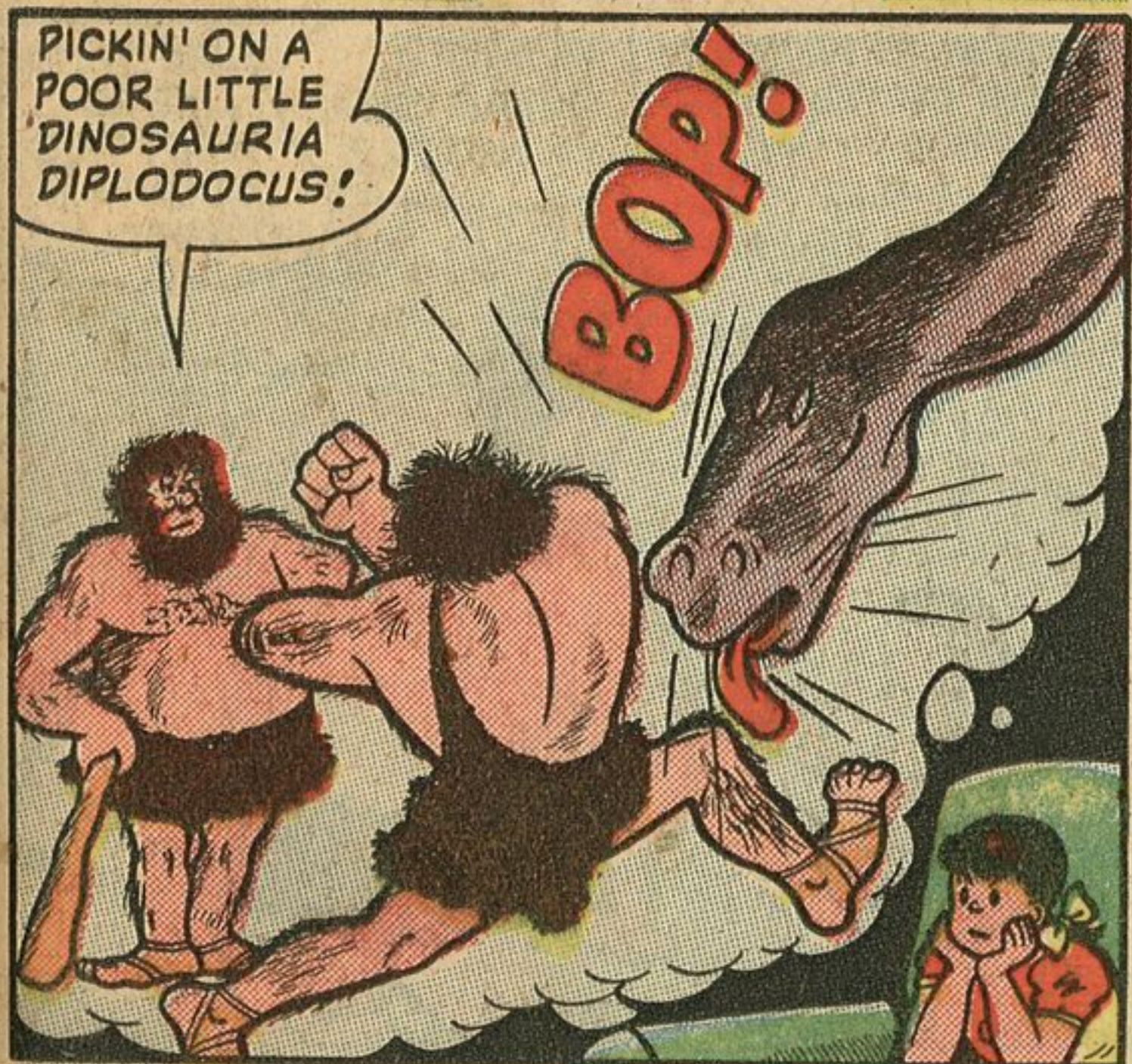
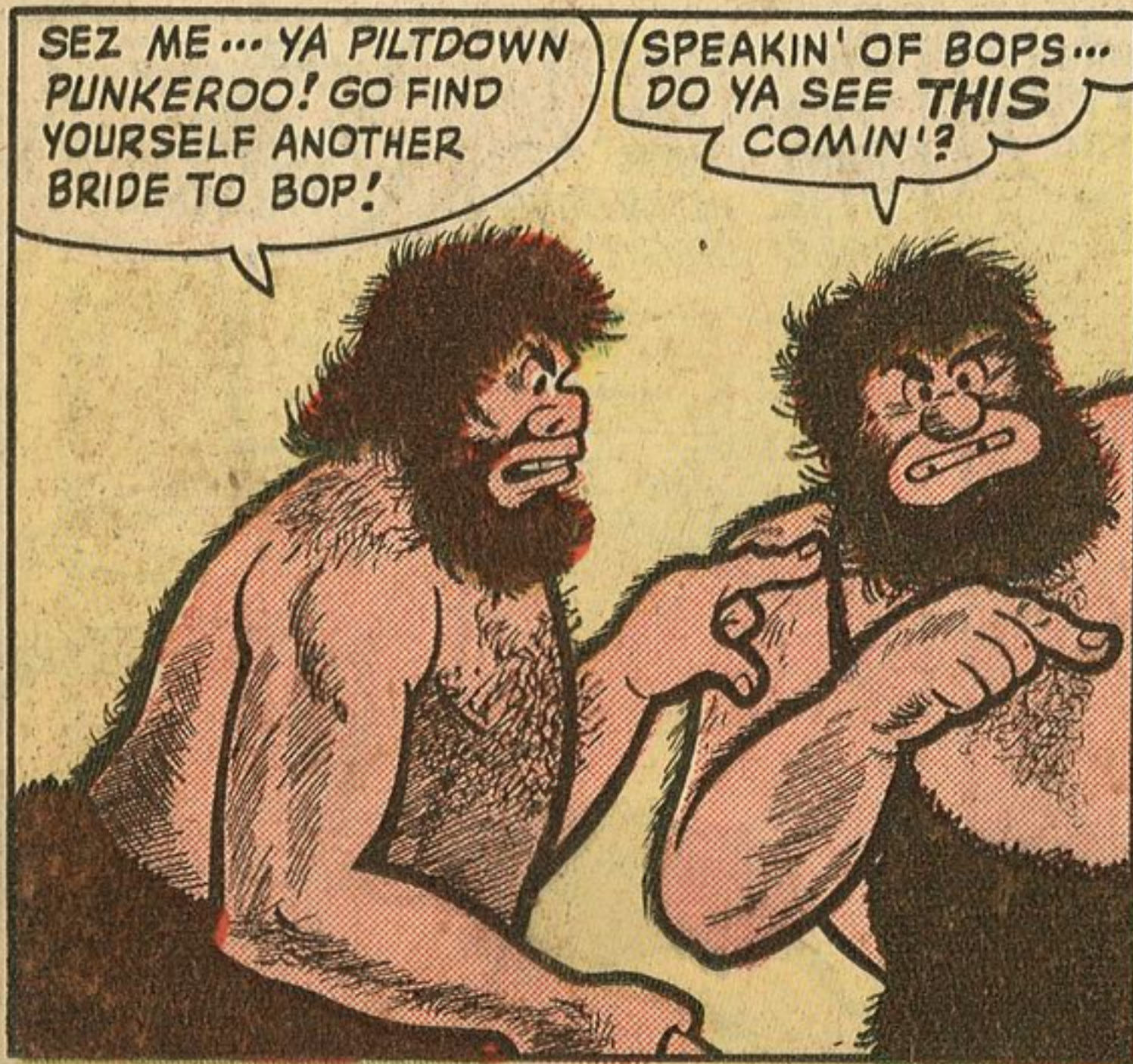
HA! HA! WHILE EVERYBODY IS IN A PANIC, I'LL SLIP IN THIS SIDE DOOR AND MAKE MY HAUL!

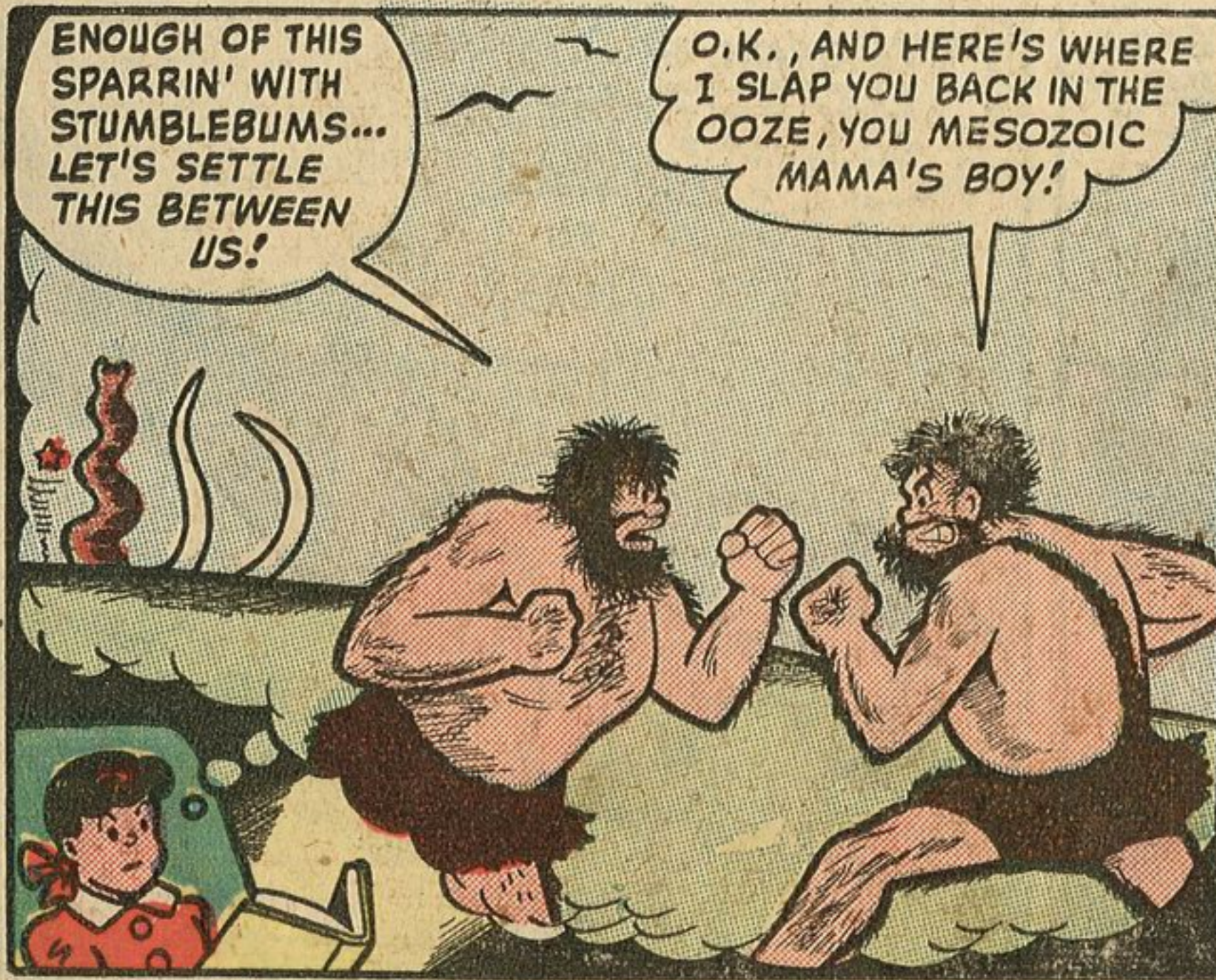


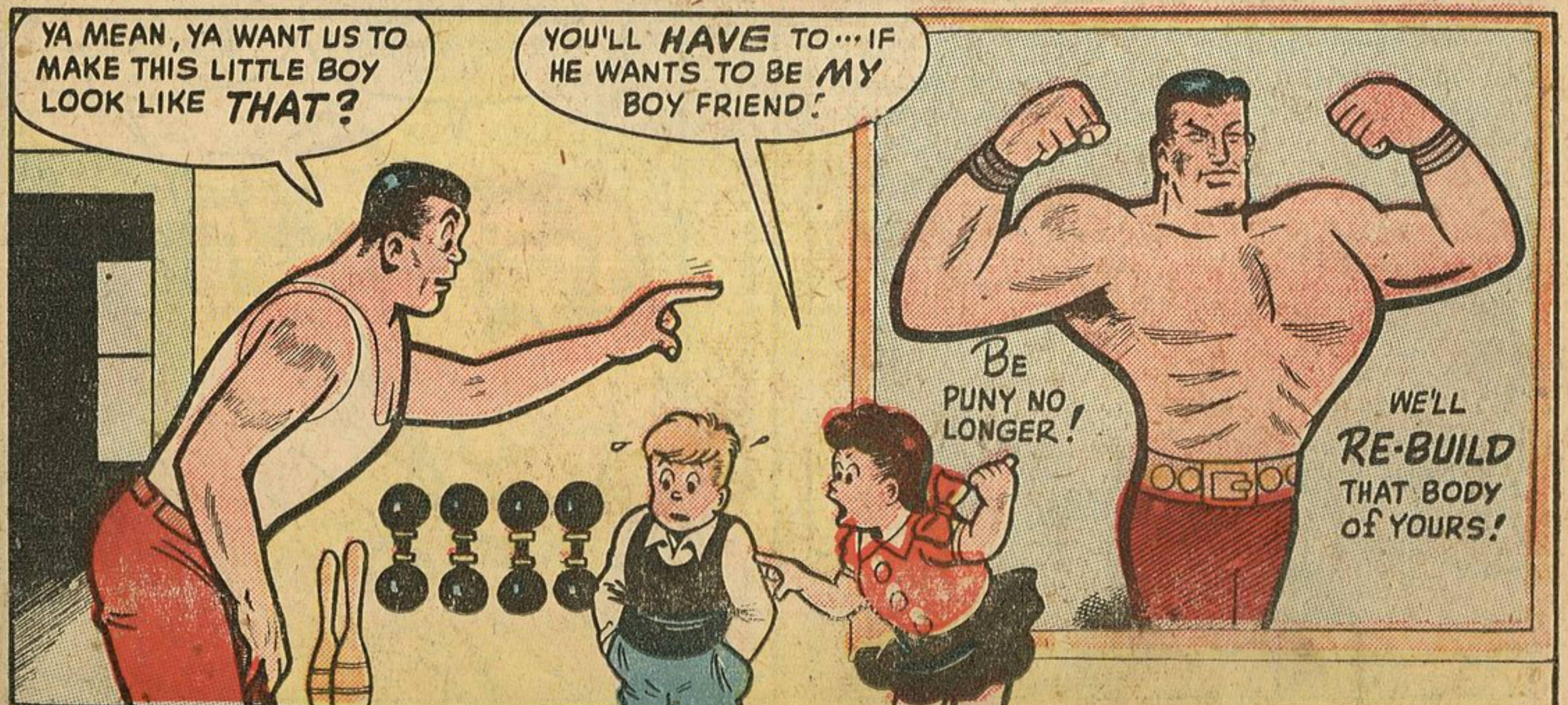
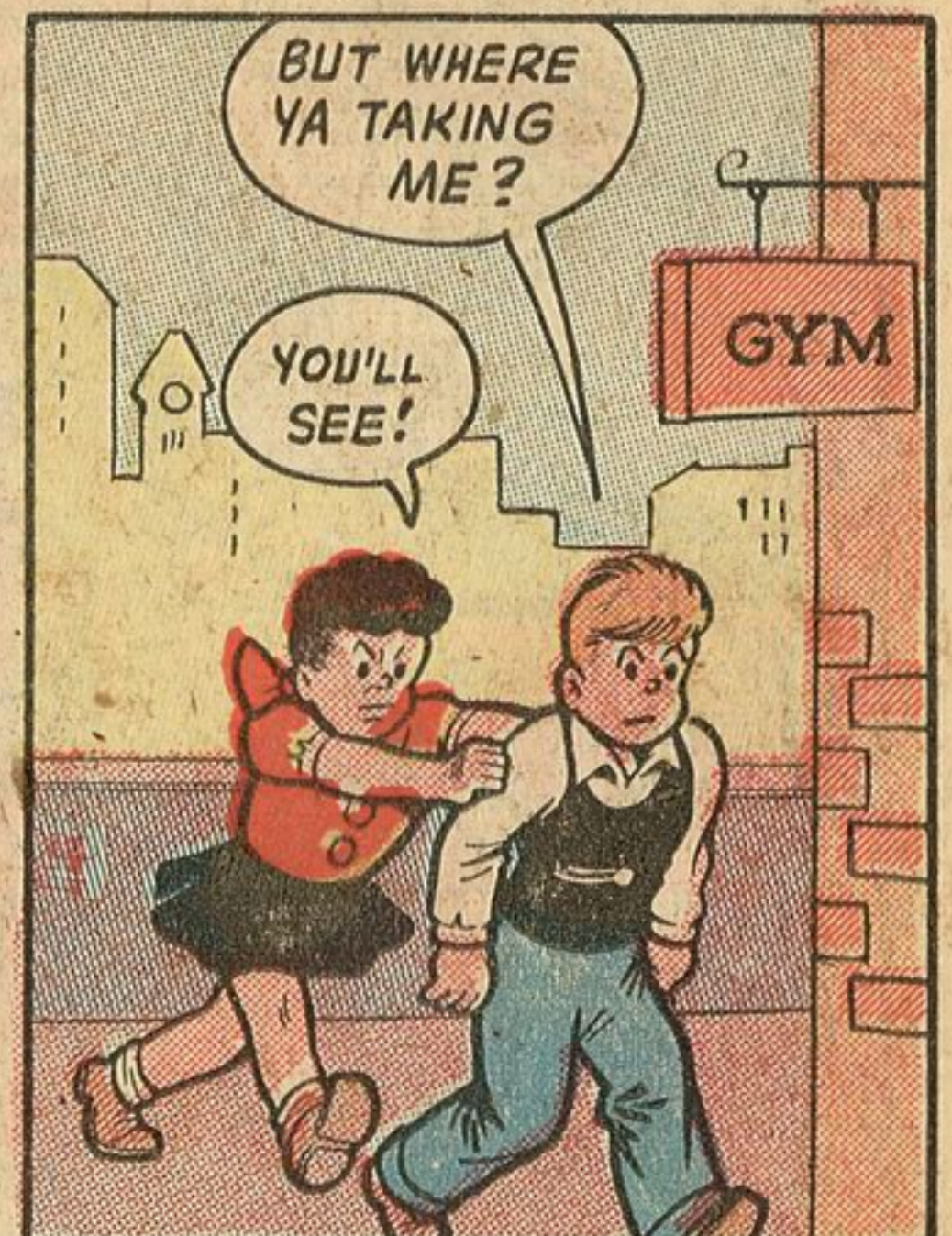


LASSIE





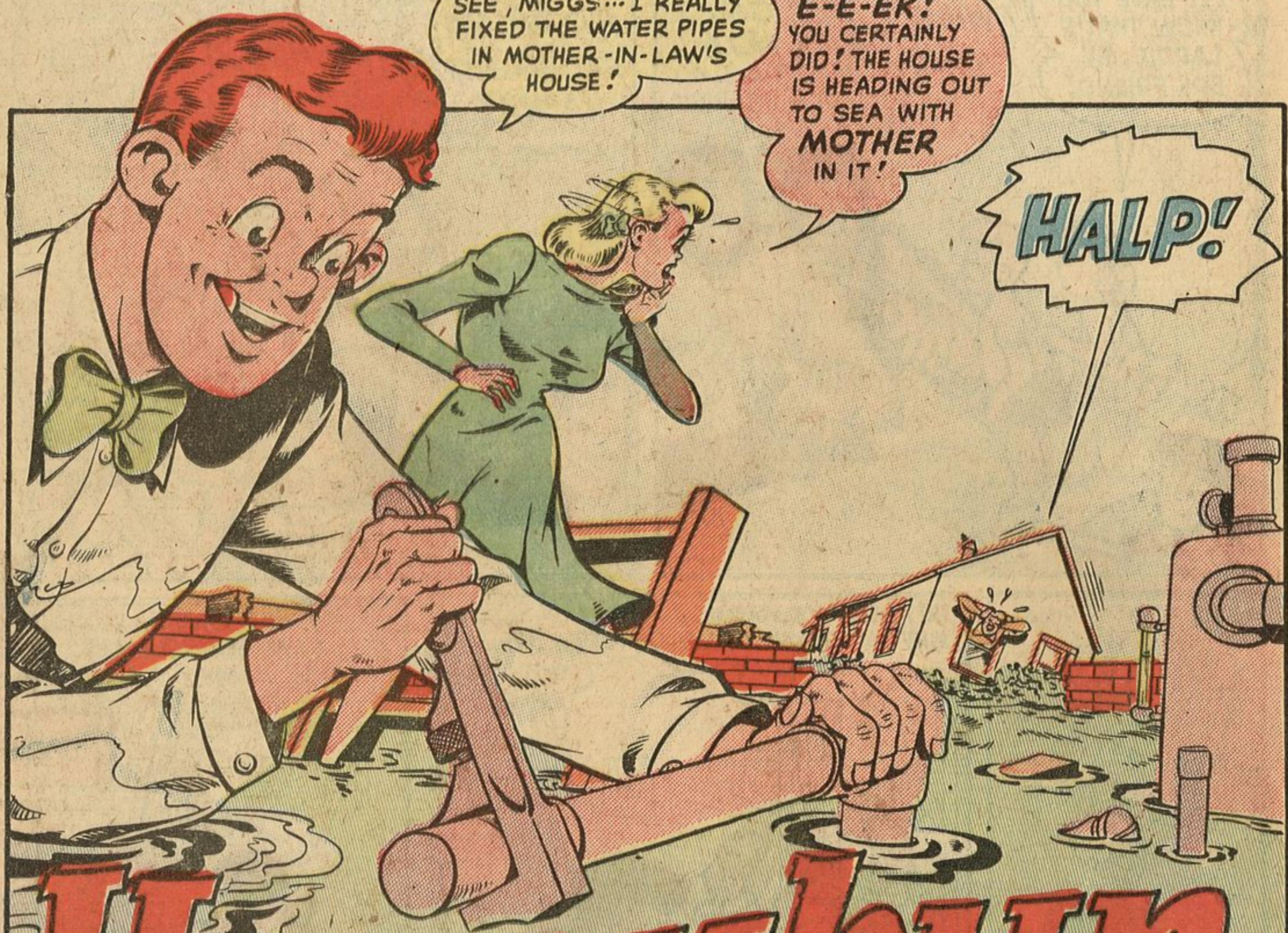




SEE, MIGGS... I REALLY
FIXED THE WATER PIPES
IN MOTHER-IN-LAW'S
HOUSE!

E-E-EK!
YOU CERTAINLY
DID! THE HOUSE
IS HEADING OUT
TO SEA WITH
MOTHER
IN IT!

HALP!



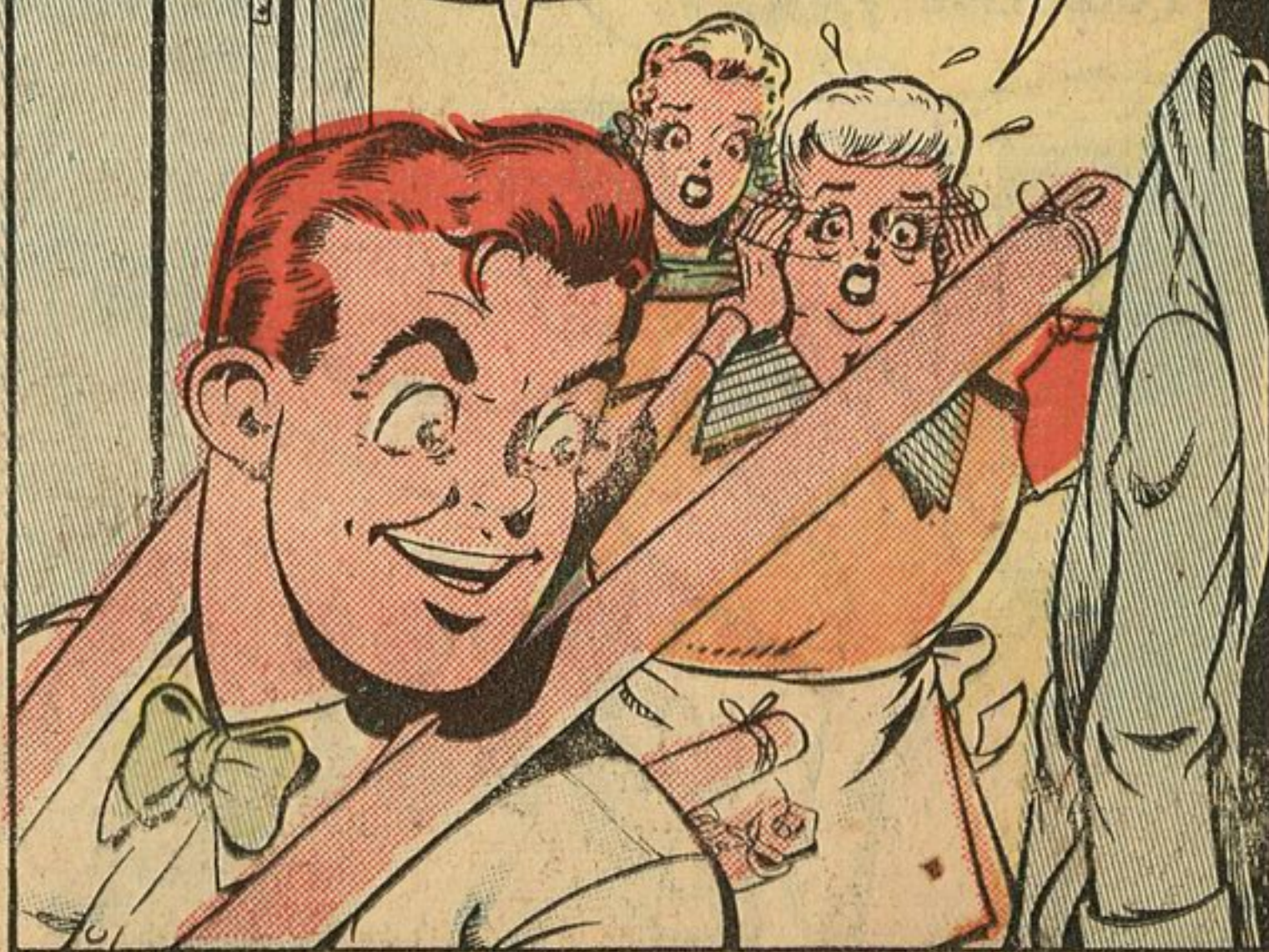
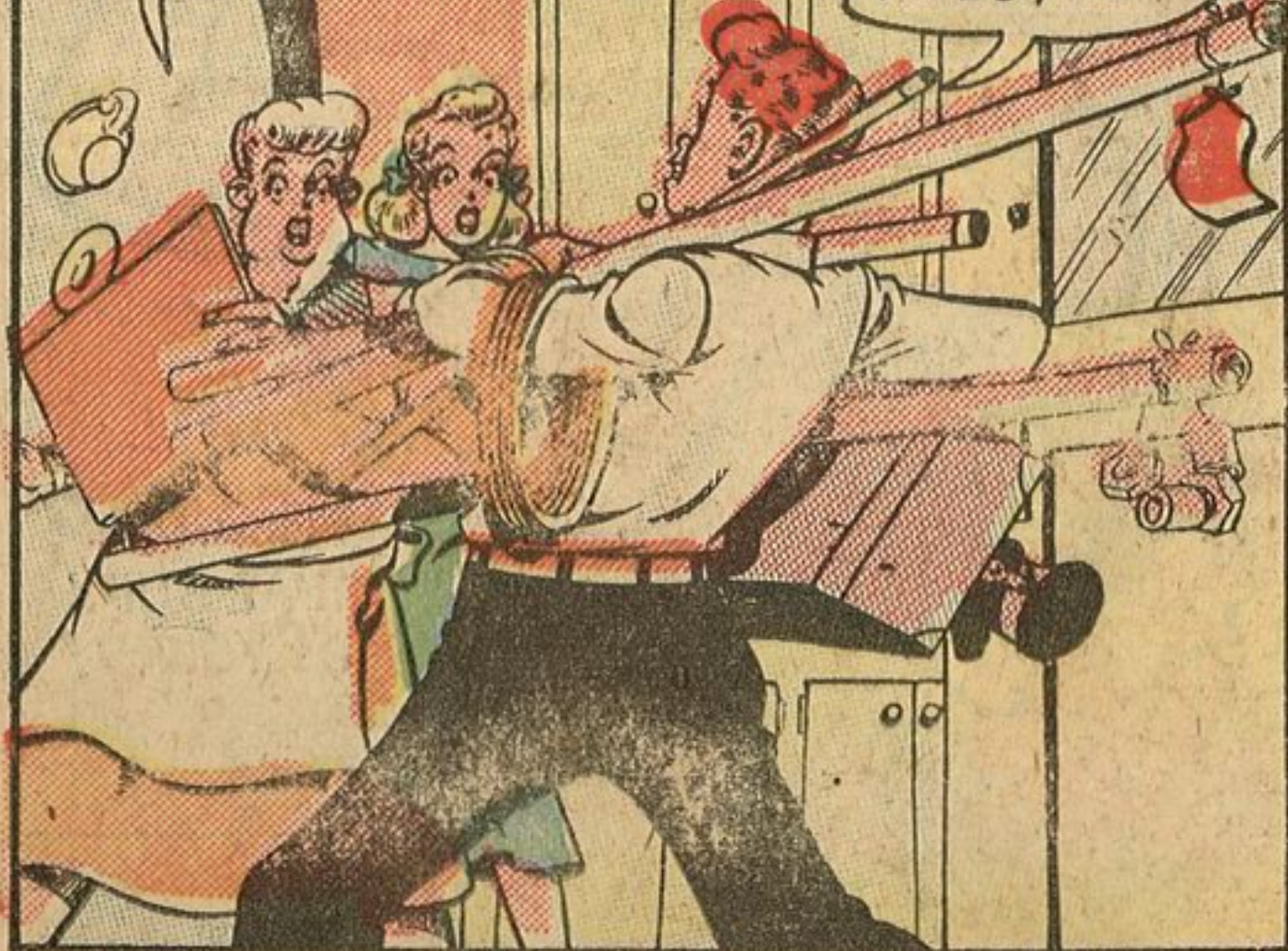
Honeybun

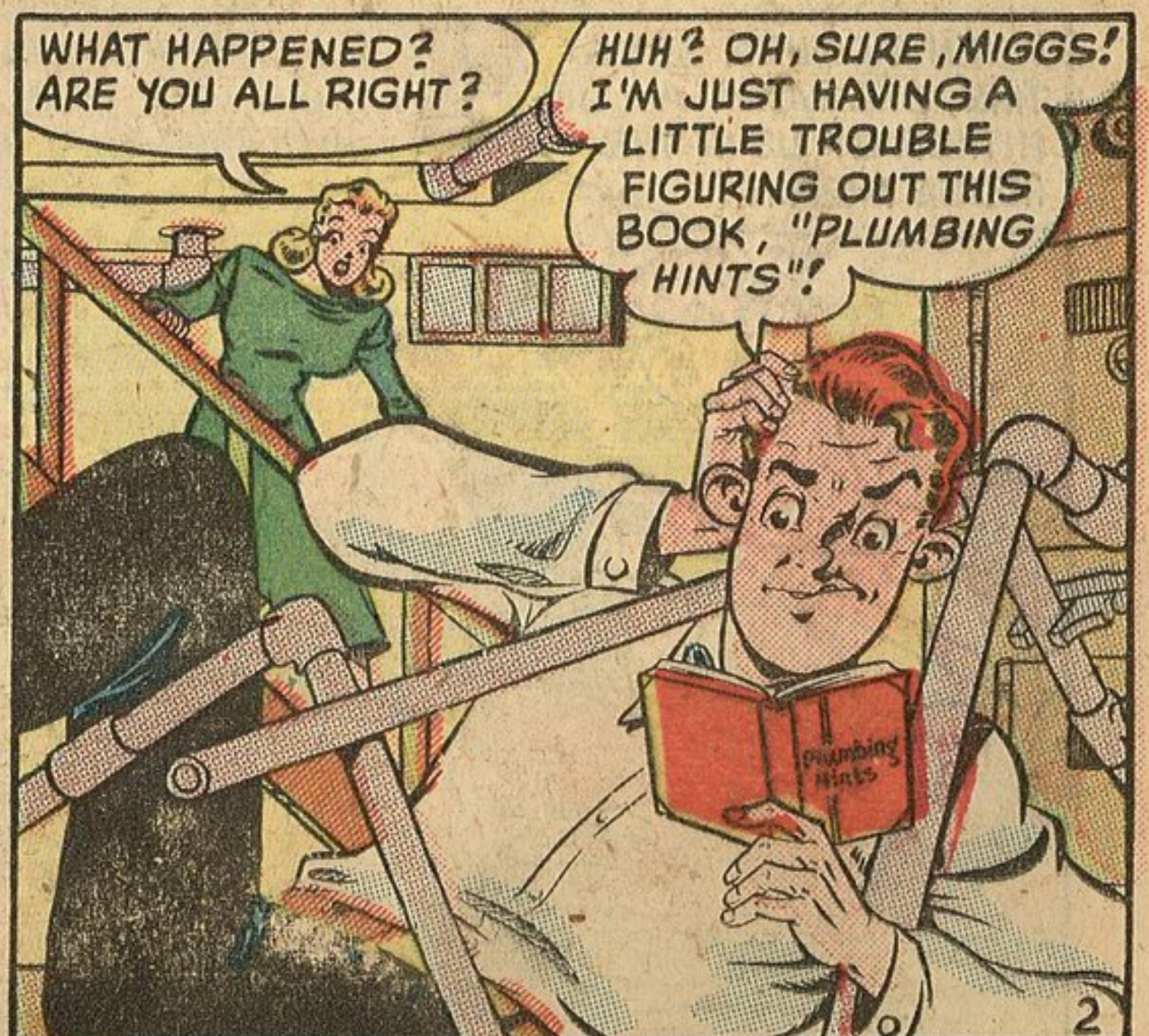
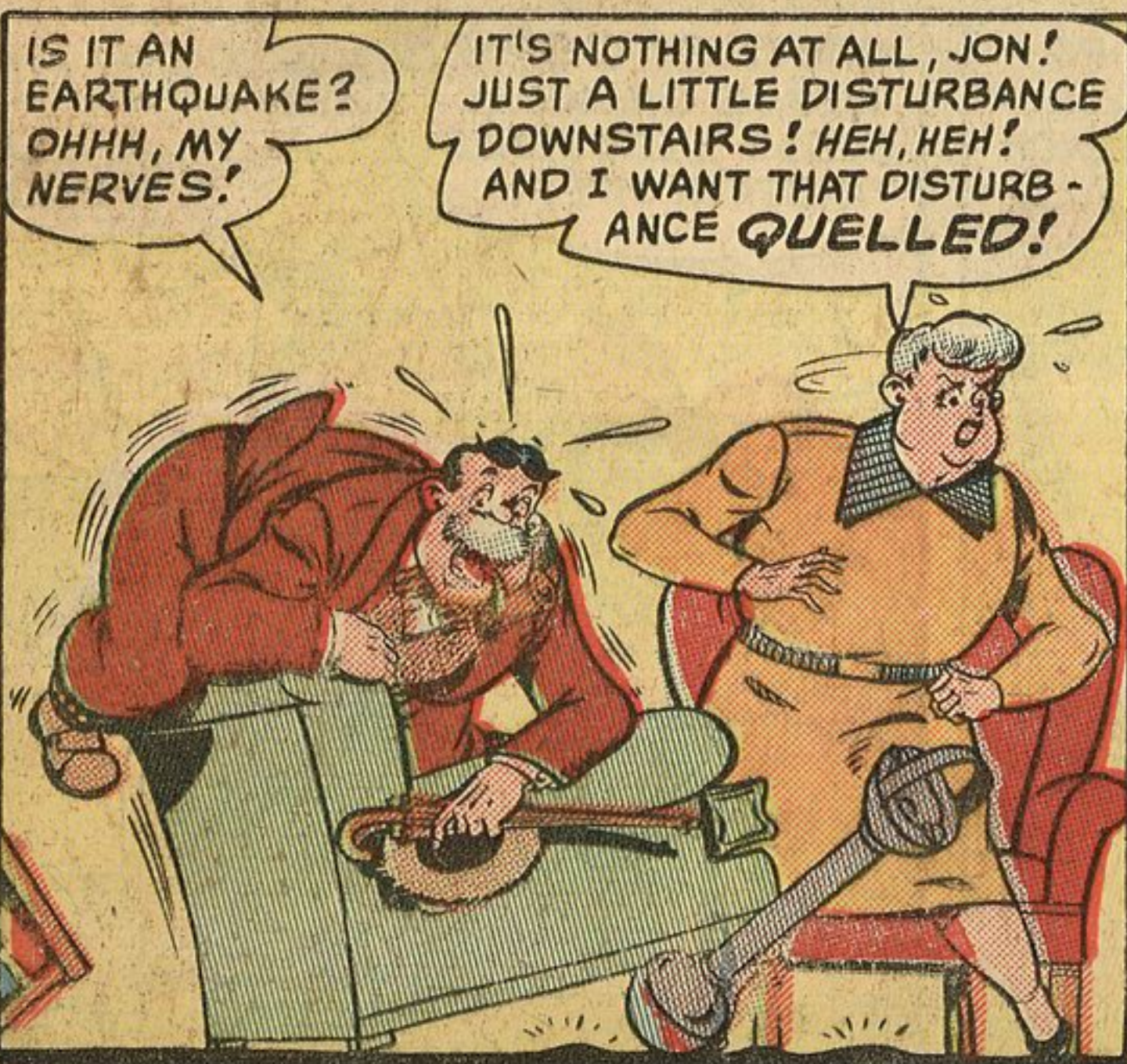
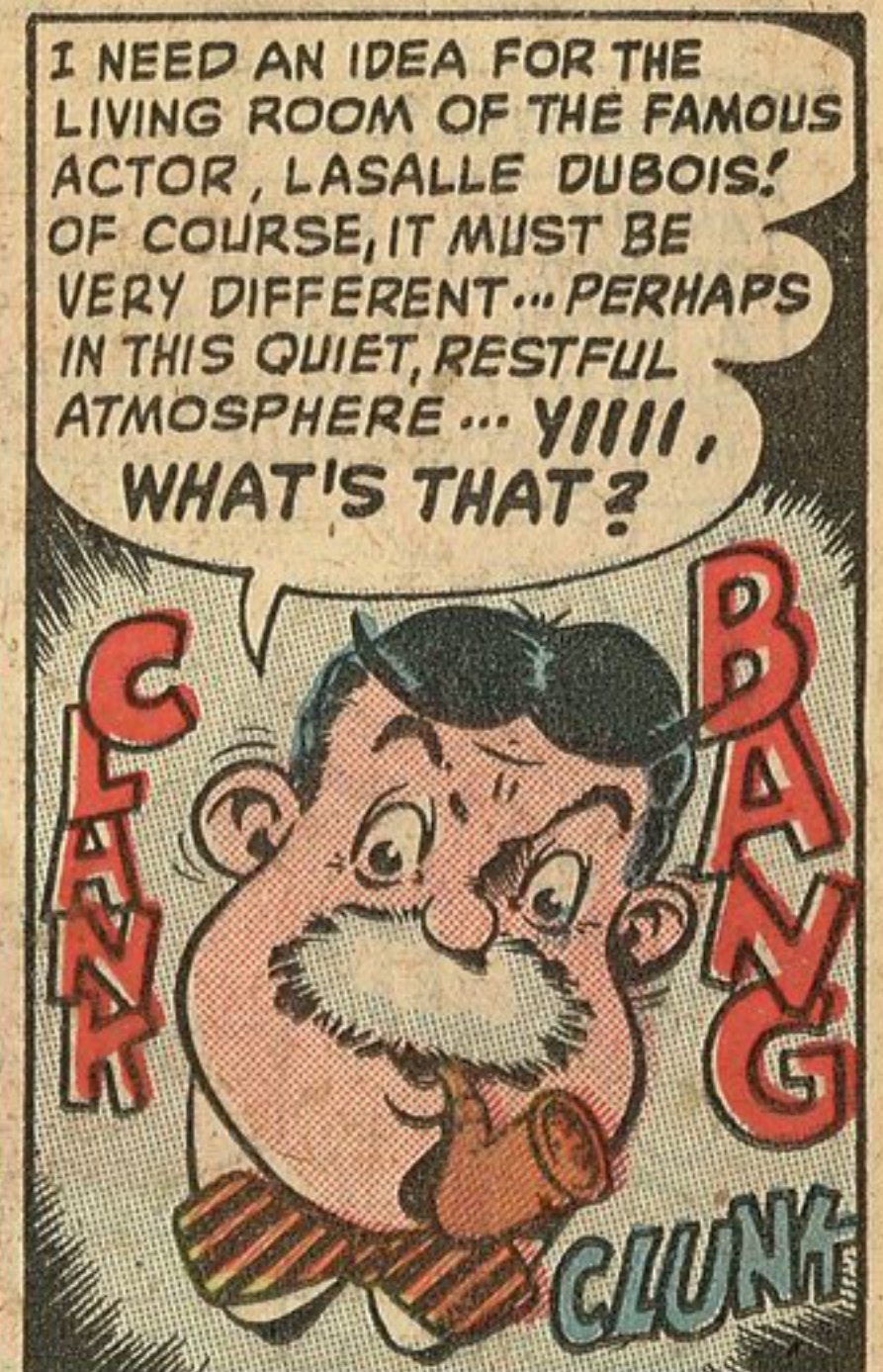
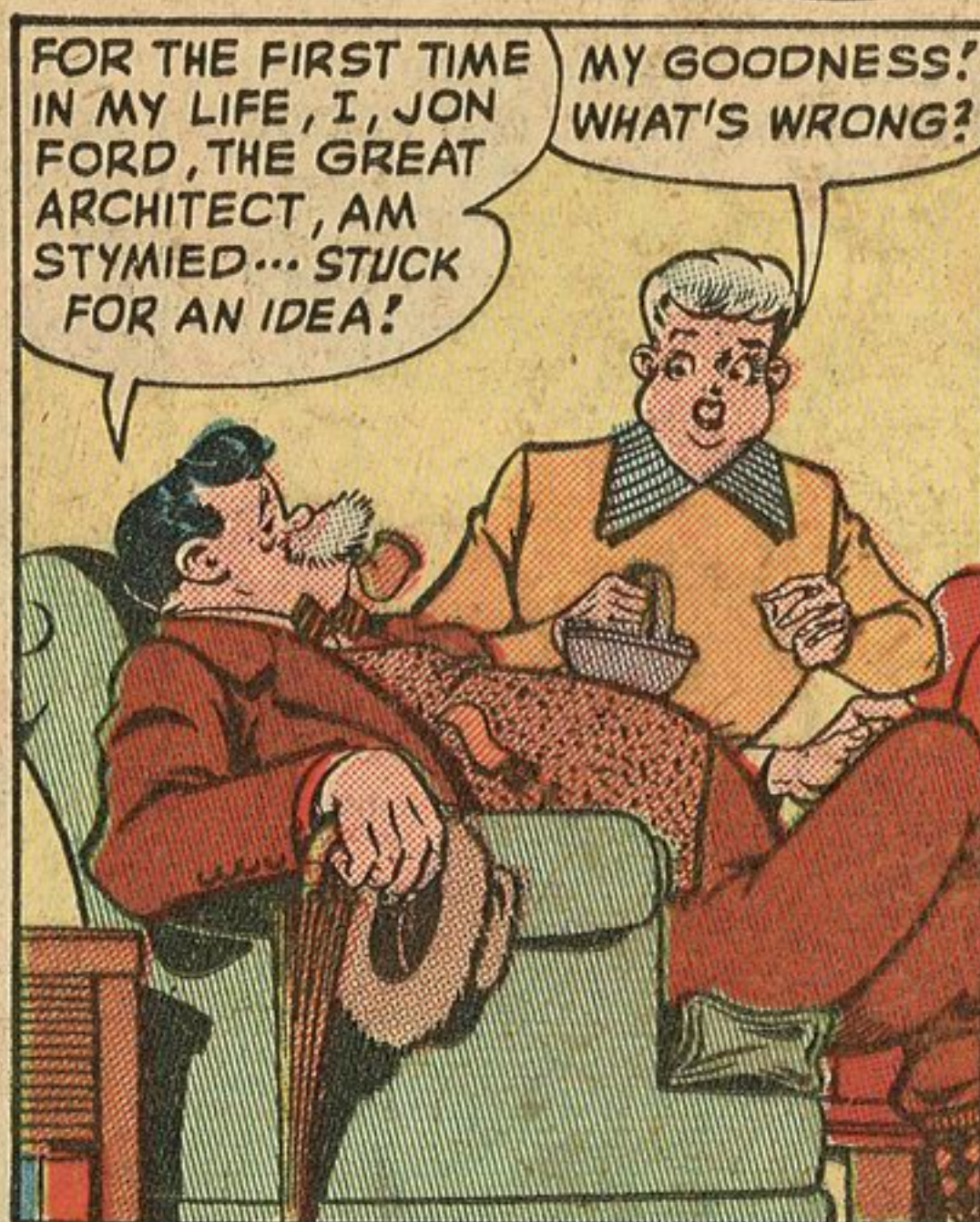
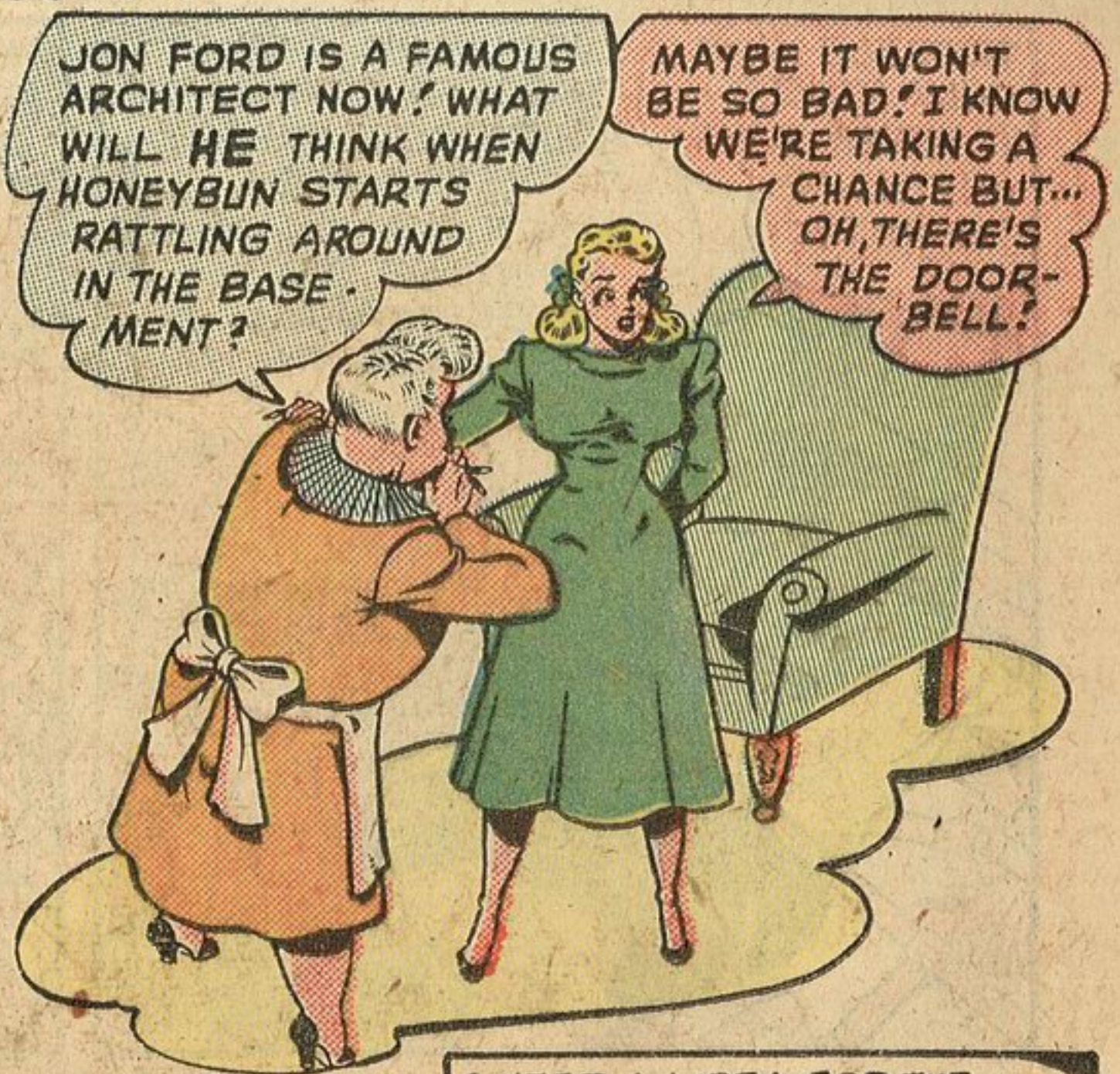
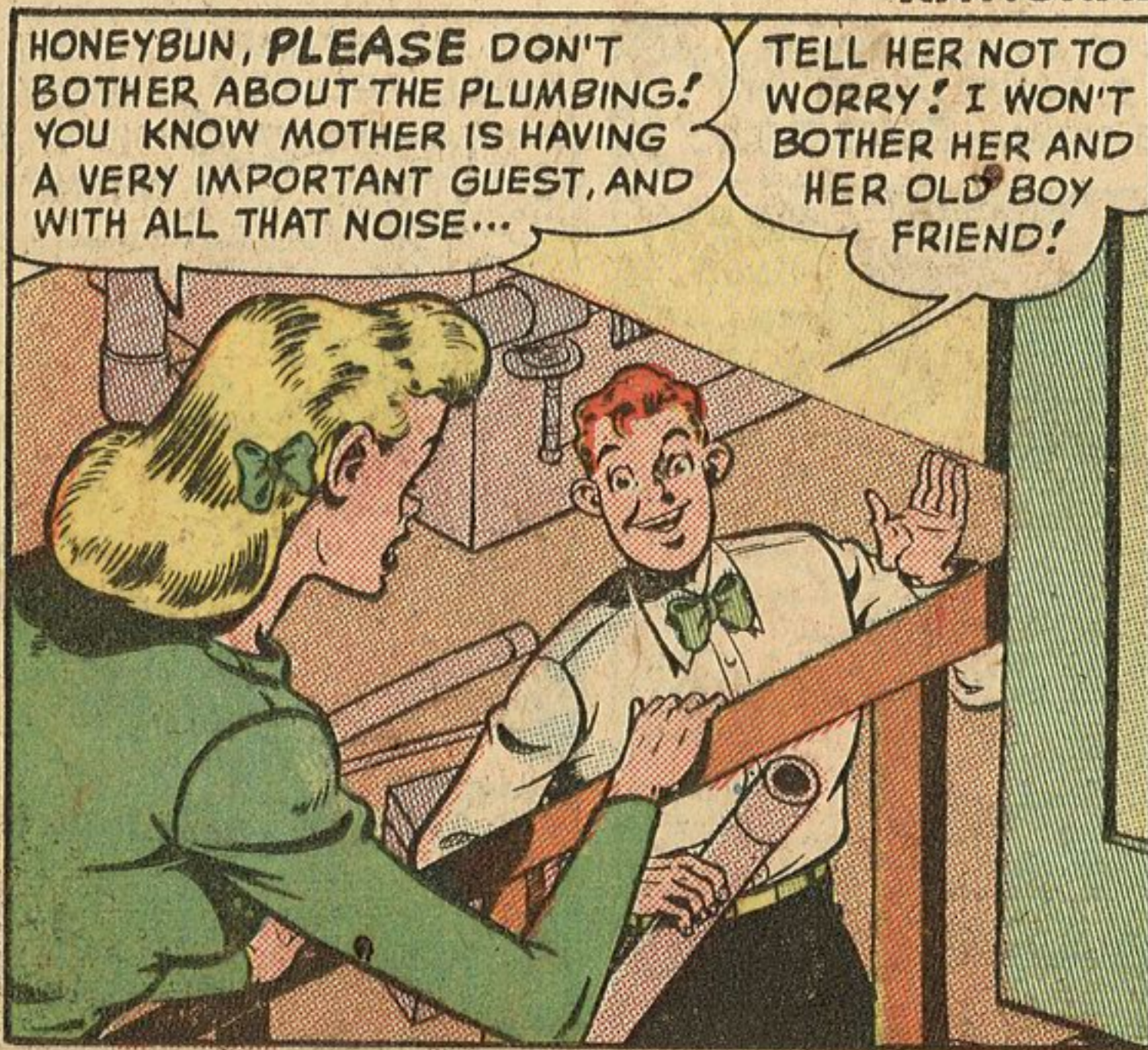
GOOD HEAVENS,
HONEYBUN! WHAT
AWFUL PLAN ARE
YOU UP TO?

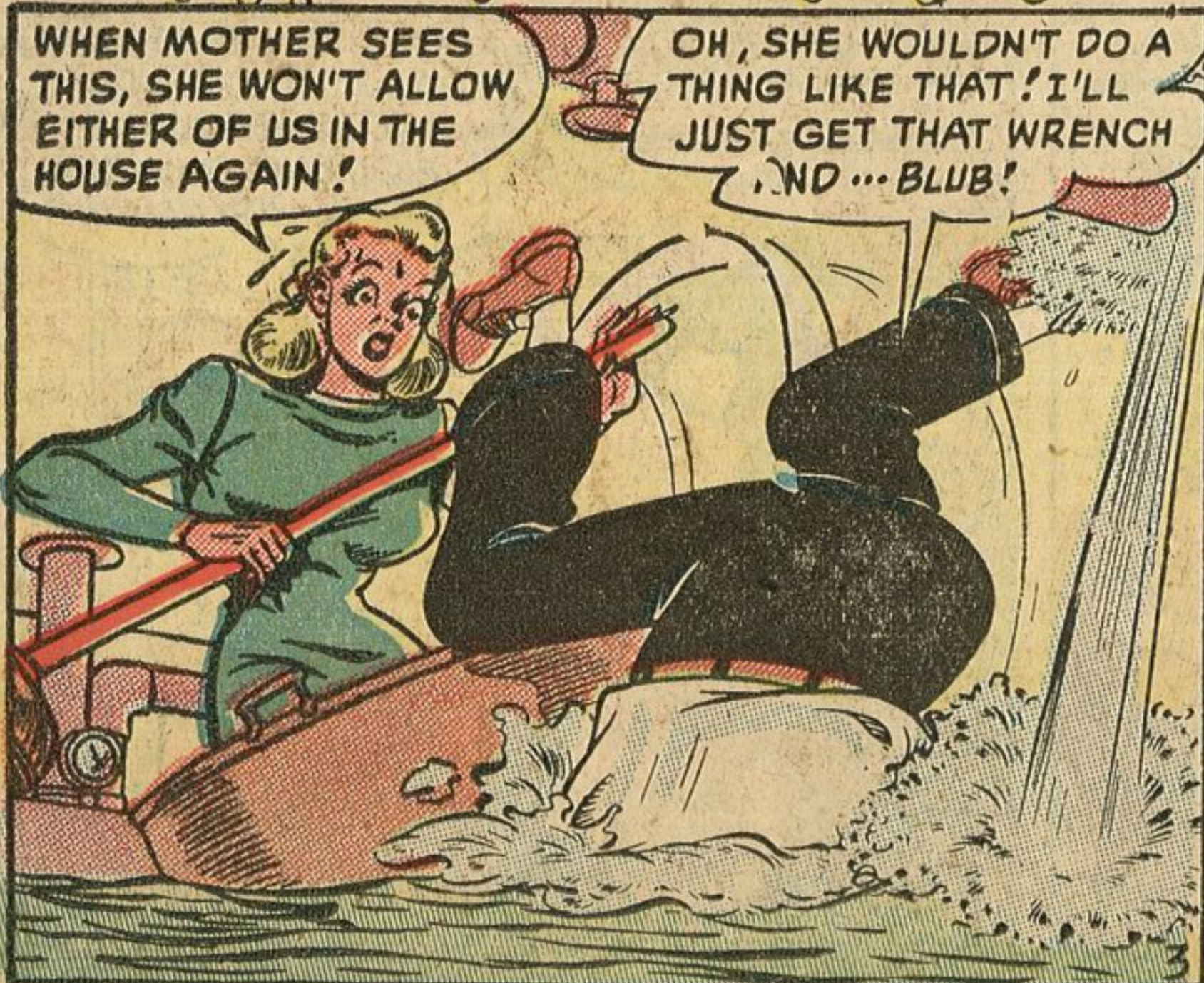
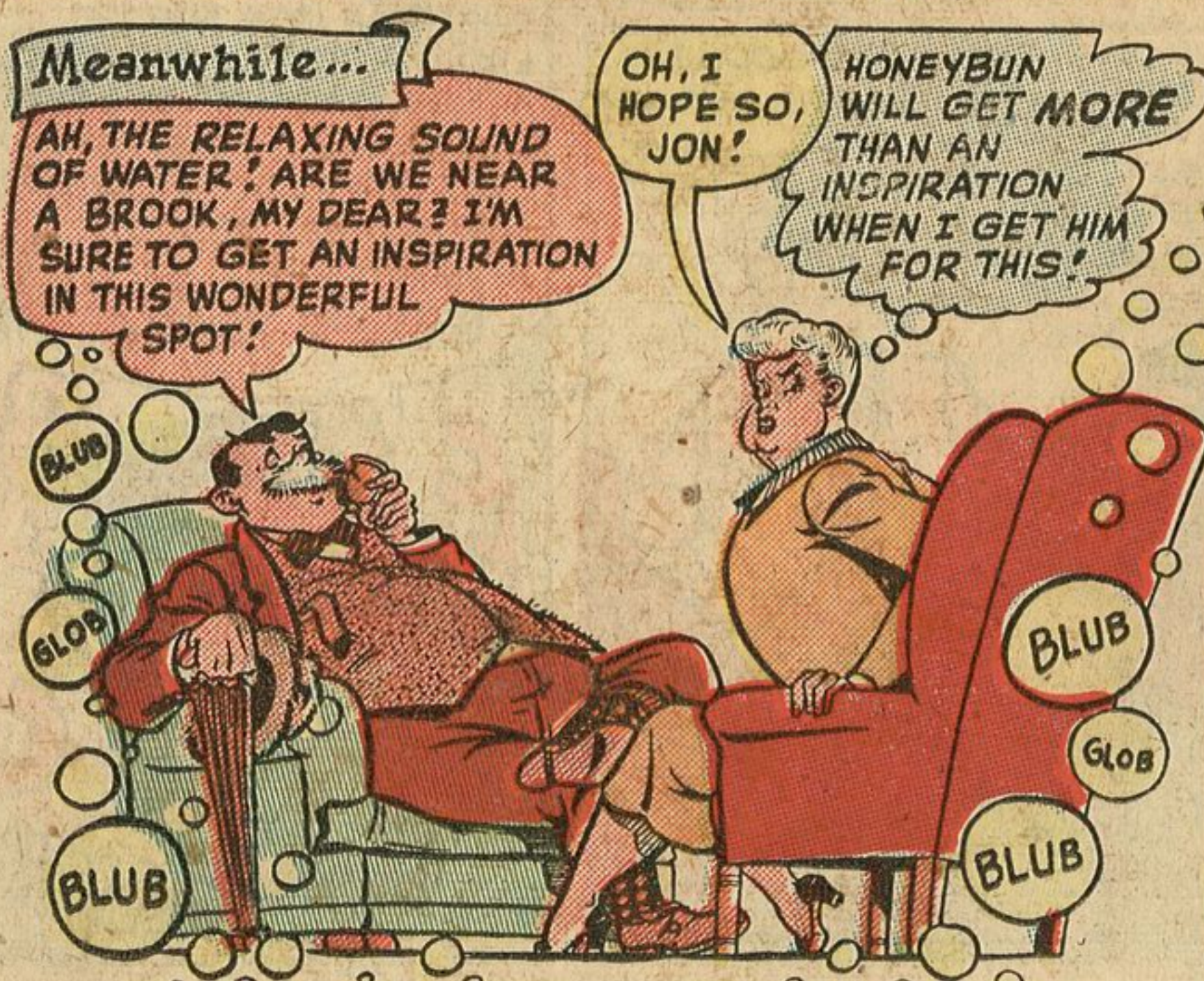
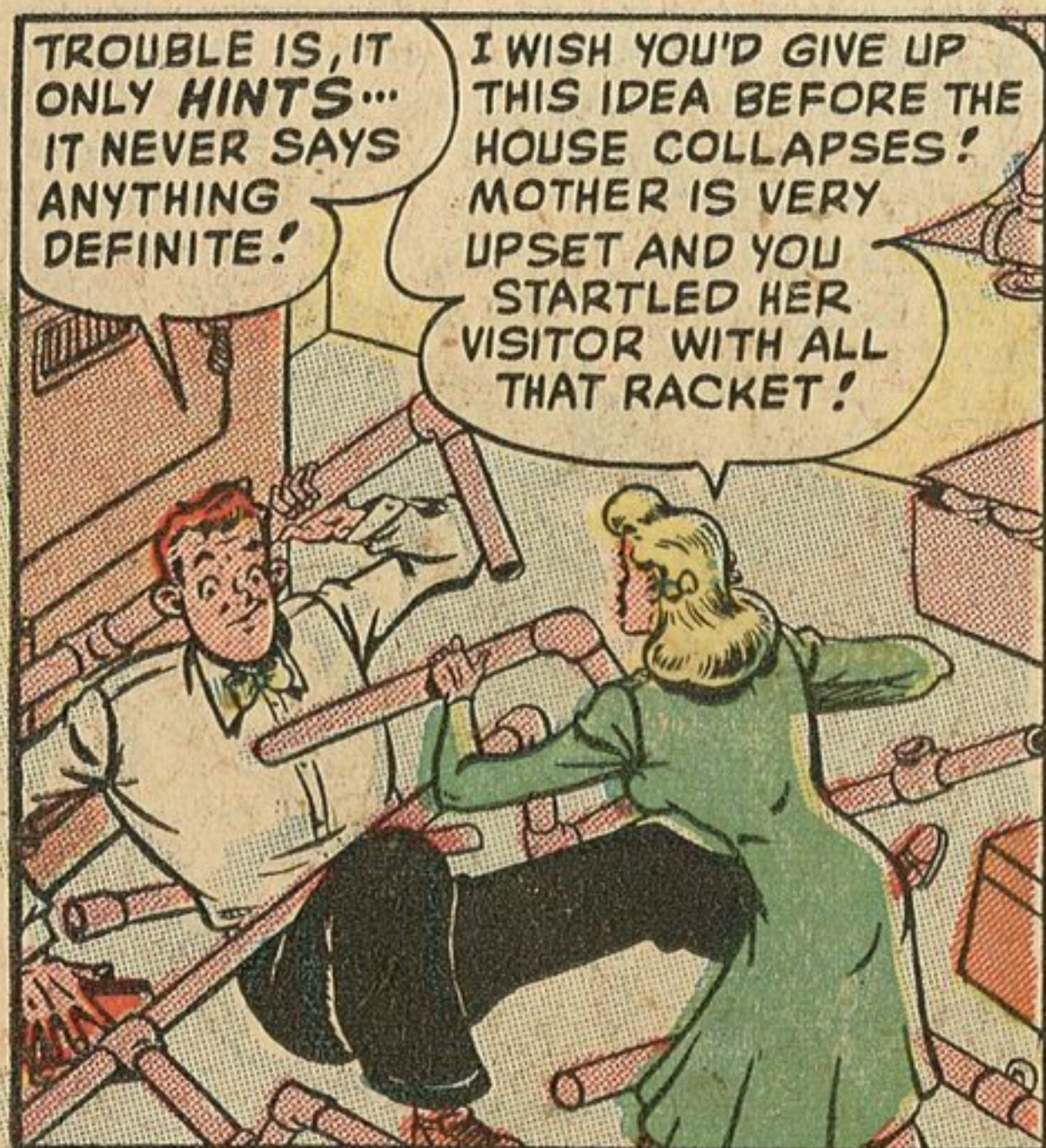
NOTHING AWFUL, MOTHER-
IN-LAW! MIGGS MENTIONED
THAT YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE
WITH THE BASEMENT WATER
PIPES, SO...

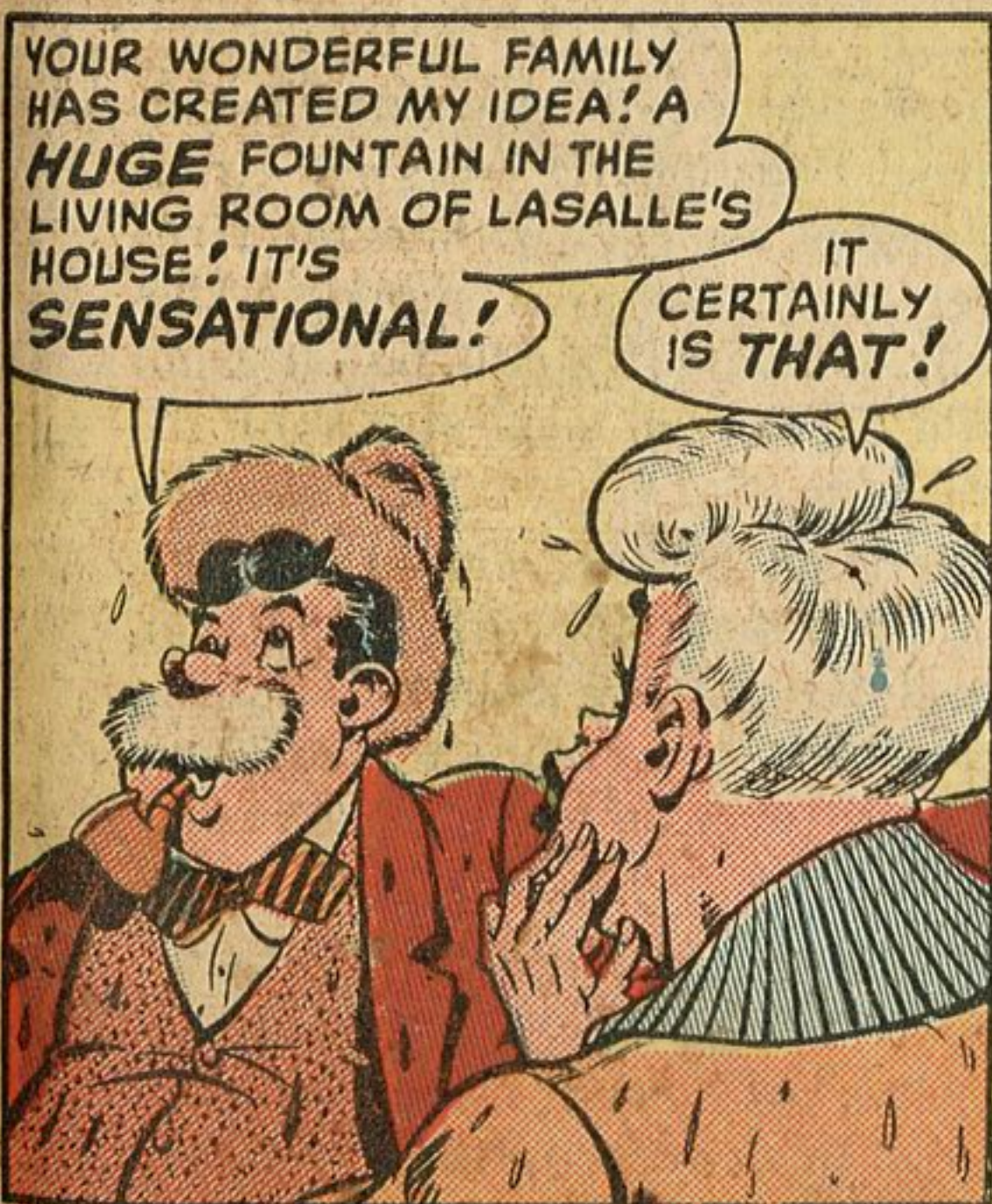
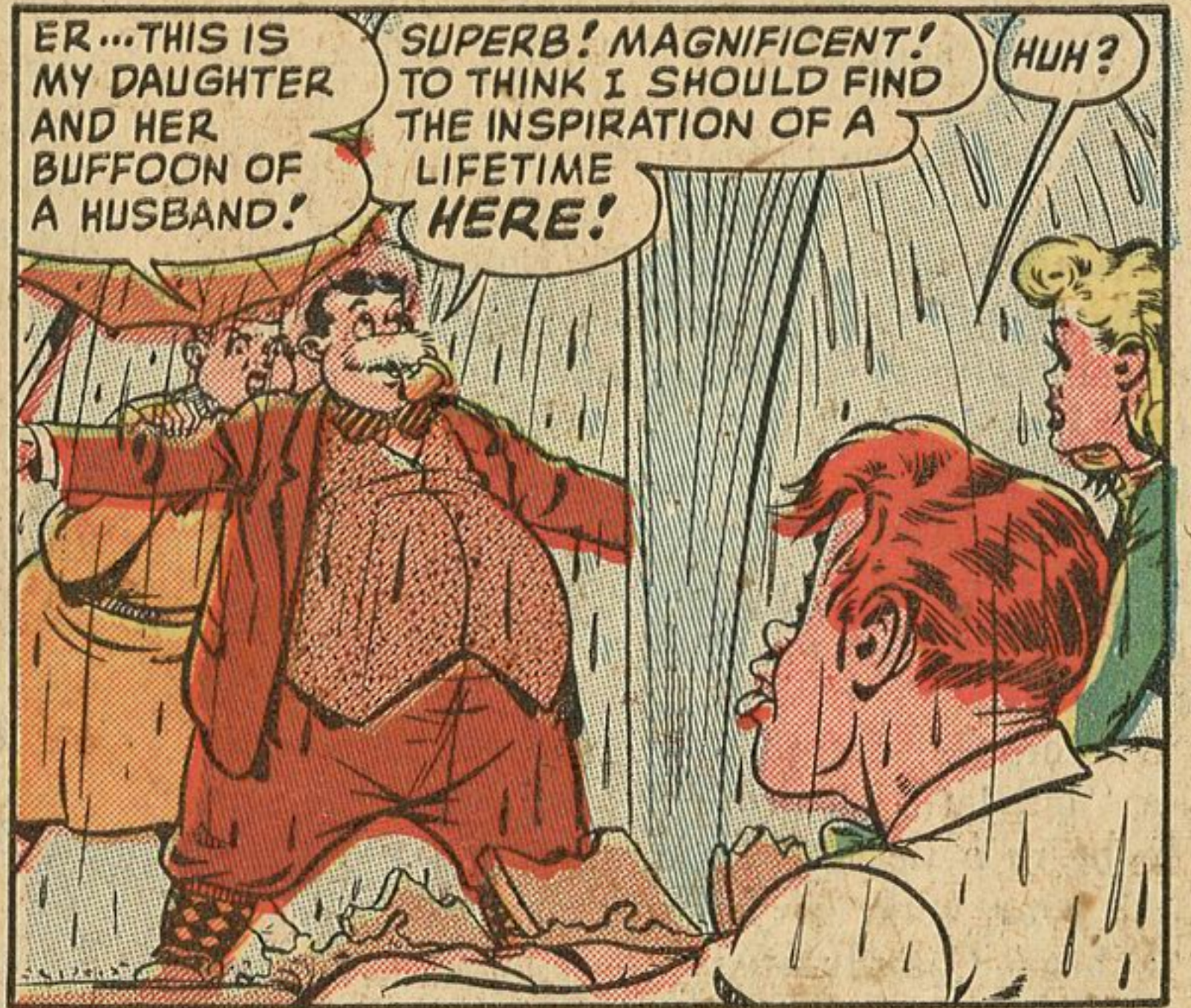
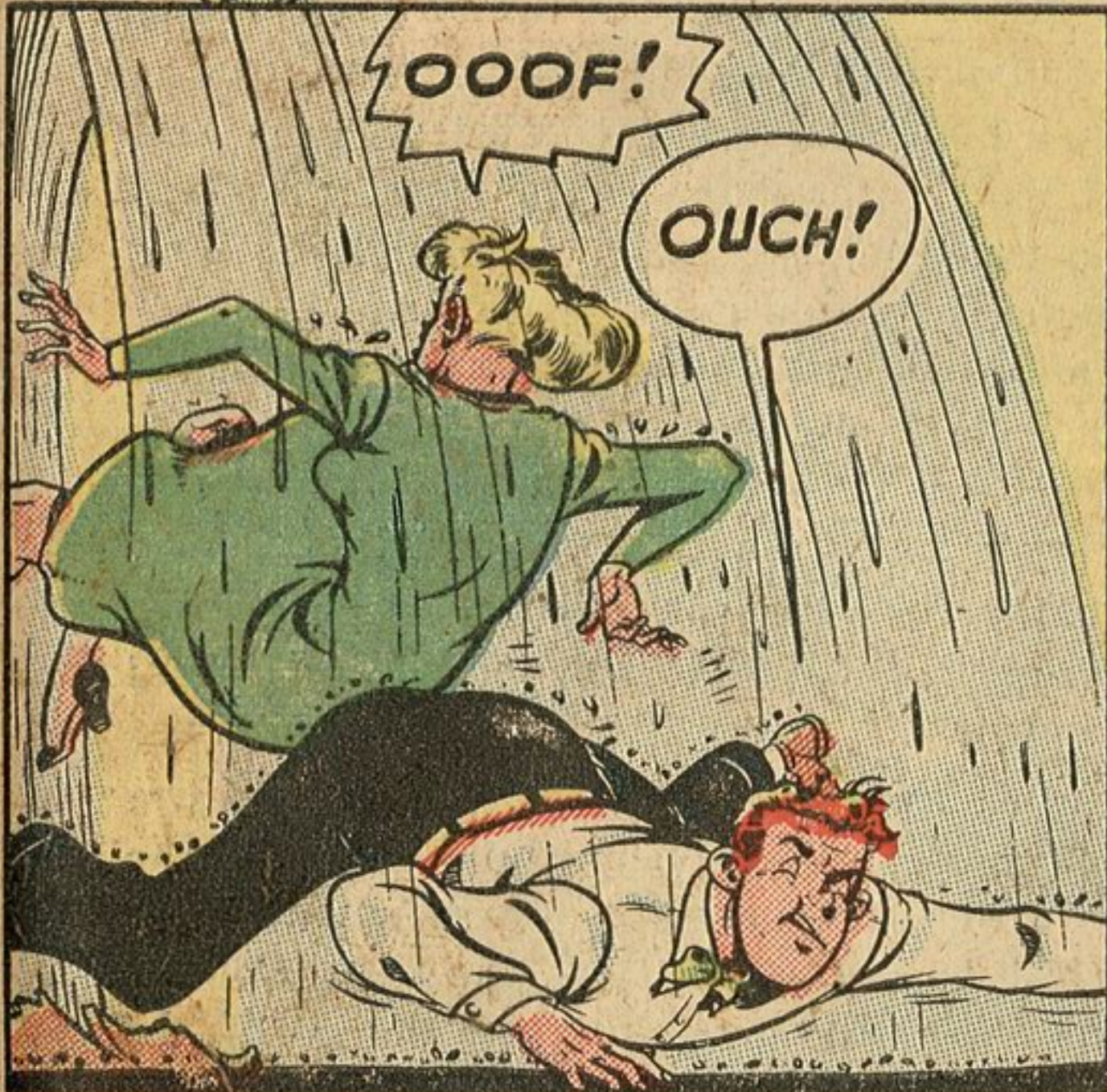
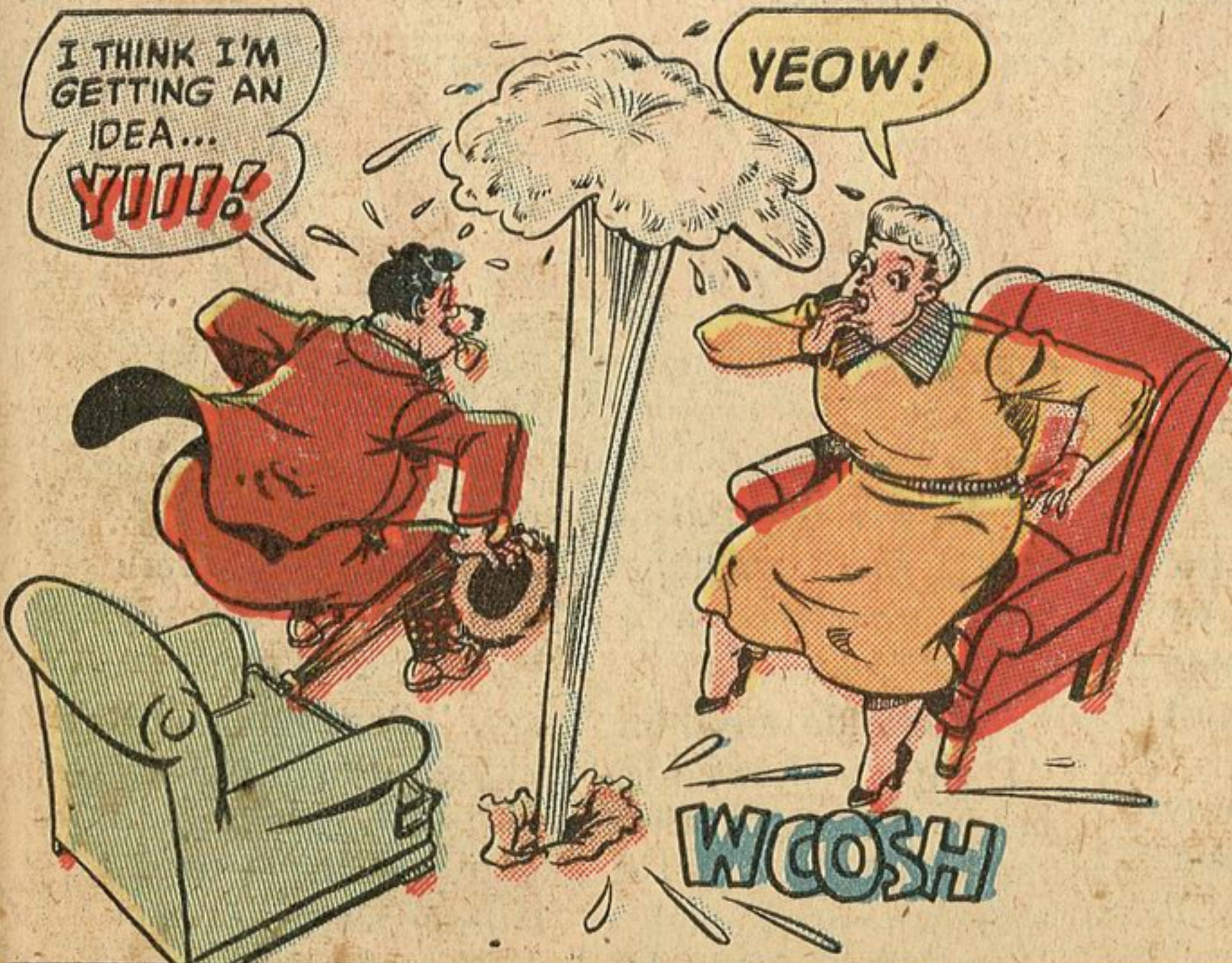
... I'M GONNA
SAVE THE COST
OF A PLUMBER
AND DO THE JOB
FOR YOU MYSELF!

MIGGS! STOP YOUR
HUSBAND THIS
INSTANT! HE'LL
RUIN EVERYTHING,
JUST AS HE
ALWAYS DOES!









TIGER KILLER

CARNIE CALAHAN and Colonel Lane stood morosely in front of the tiger cage. "Sheba is dead," Carnie said. "They just carted her body away."

"That's the fourth big cat this week," the Colonel answered worriedly. "At this rate we won't have any animal show left. This blasted wet, cold weather is to blame; the cats can't take it."

"Maybe the new keeper's disinfectant spray will break the flu epidemic," Carnie hazarded. "He's consciencious enough."

"I hear he was a first-class vet in his day," the Colonel said. "He just had some bad breaks."

While they were talking they heard a quick step behind them. Turning, they faced a thin, nervous man in a dark suit. "Colonel Lane," the visitor said in a low voice, "I'm Gordon Schill, of Hilson Dales Animal Farms." He extended a hard, bony hand to the Colonel. "Sorry to hear of your troubles but, of course," he said, emitting a dry chuckle, "it means more business for my company."

"To say nothing of your cut," Carnie interjected.

"Of course," Schill said, with a humorless smile, "but let's get down to business. I happened to be in a near-by town when the Farm received your wire, so I came right over."

"I hear Consolidated Shows had a bit of trouble like this a few weeks back," the Colonel said.

"Yes, too bad," Schill replied absently. "Now, about the cats. How many do you want? Here is the latest price list," he added, handing over a small booklet.

Colonel Lane rapidly thumbed through the paper pamphlet, his face wrinkling in a frown. "Look at these prices, Carnie," he said. "They are just double what we paid last season. This will about break us."

"Prices have gone up on everything," Schill said tersely. "You can take it or leave it."

"This is outrageous," the Colonel sputtered. "I won't pay it. I'll deal with another animal outfit."

"Suit yourself," Schill said derisively, "the prices are all the same. What will you do in the meantime?" With that he clamped his

derby tightly on his head and stamped off, saying, "I'll be at the hotel in town until tomorrow morning, if you change your mind."

"He's right, Carnie," the Colonel said sadly. "I guess we'll have to buy up some fresh stock, even though it will put us in the red for the season."

"Don't do anything hasty," Carnie advised. "I have a faint idea kicking around in my head about this whole deal. Let's go back to the ticket wagon. I'd like to see the copy of that wire you sent to Hilson Dales Animal Farms. After that I have a bit of telephoning to do and a trip to make into town."

It was late that evening when Carnie and Colonel Lane entered the Alton Hotel. "I guess it's best we order the cats," Colonel Lane said. "I just hope we don't lose any more."

"I can practically guarantee that, Colonel," Carnie replied cryptically. He rapped on the door of Room 214 and, after a short delay, Schill opened it.

"What's the idea of busting in here unannounced?" Schill snarled, poking his head out the door.

"I didn't want to risk the possibility that you and our nice, new keeper would give us the slip," Carnie said, entering the room and forcing Schill back toward Ben, the man Colonel Lane had recently hired to take charge of the show's animals. Surprise rooted the keeper to the floor.

Later, Carnie explained to the amazed Colonel. "Schill hired Ben to drift from one circus to another, infecting the cats with a flu virus he sprayed over the cages as a supposed disinfectant. Schill, of course, would be on hand to make the sale of new animals and split the commission with him."

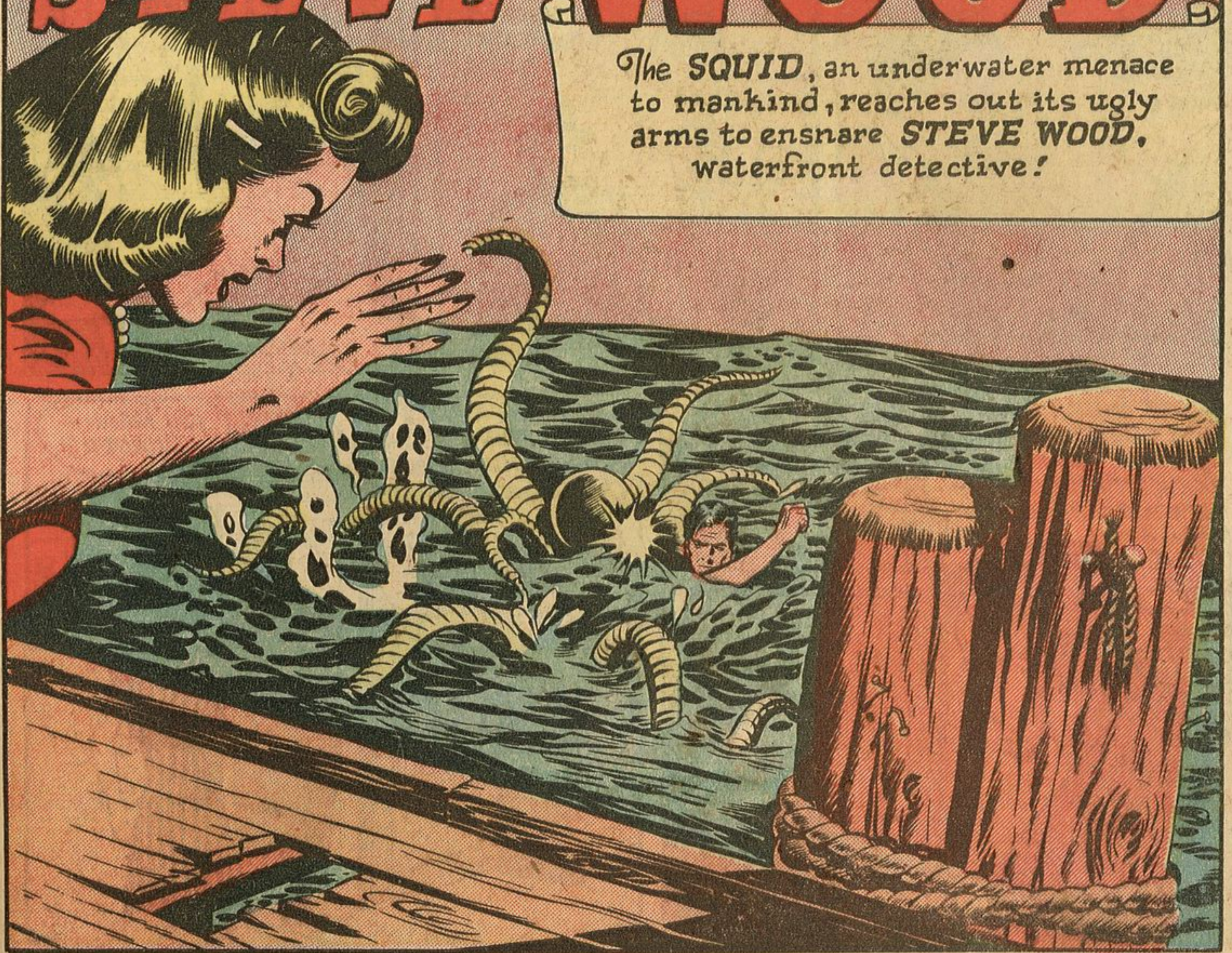
"A call to National Shows verified my theory," he continued. "Ben had worked for them, too. What tipped me off was Schill's knowing we had lost cats, when your wire to the Farm didn't mention any specific kind of animal."

"At least Hilson Dales Farm is making good on the animals we lost due to Schill's racket," the Colonel said, with a sigh of relief.

"Too bad," observed Carnie, "that we can't put Schill and Ben in a cage with the new ones."

STEVE WOOD

The **SQUID**, an underwater menace to mankind, reaches out its ugly arms to ensnare **STEVE WOOD**, waterfront detective!



DON'T TELL MY
YOU'RE DRAGGING
ANOTHER BODY OUT
OF THE DRINK!

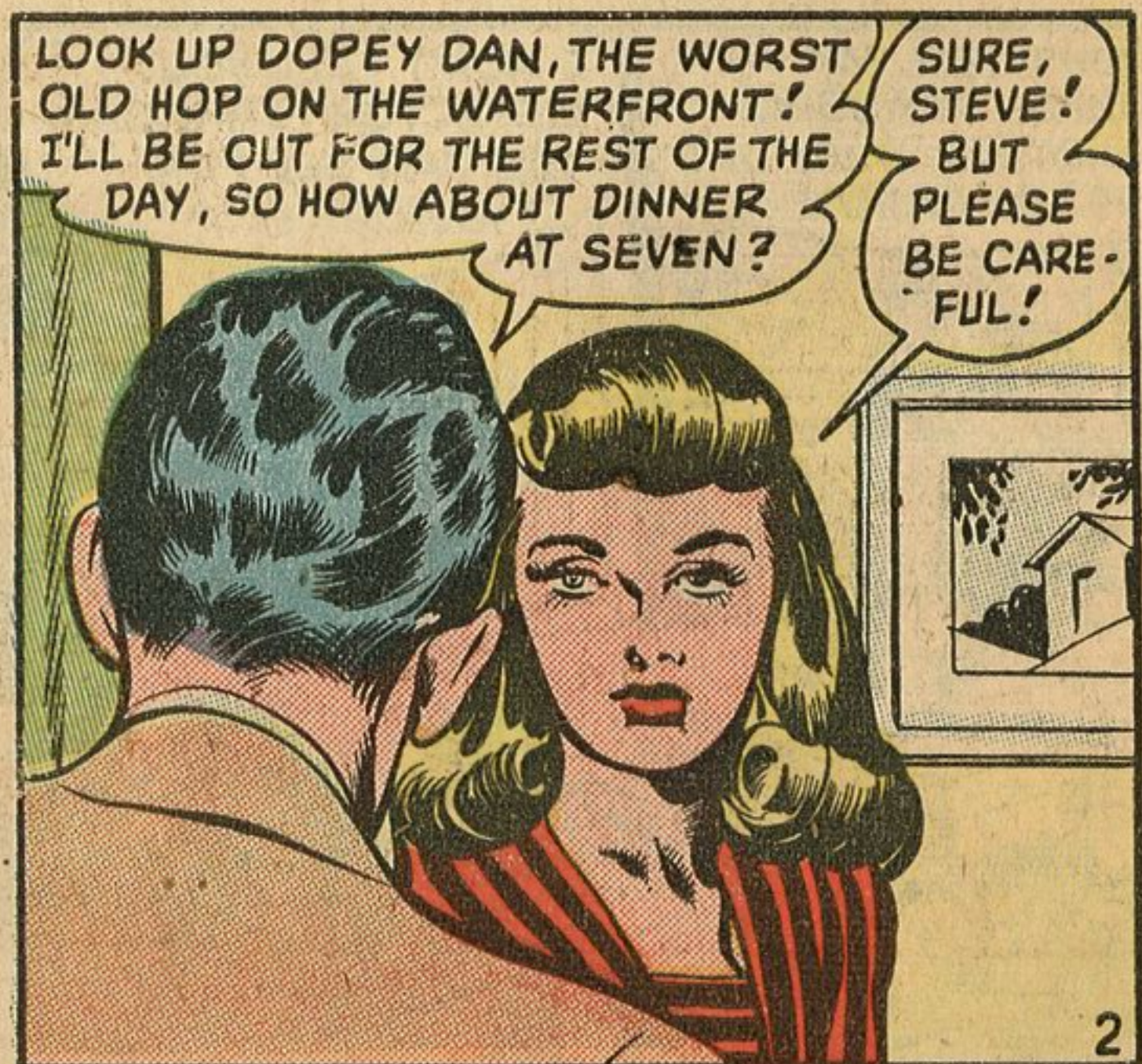
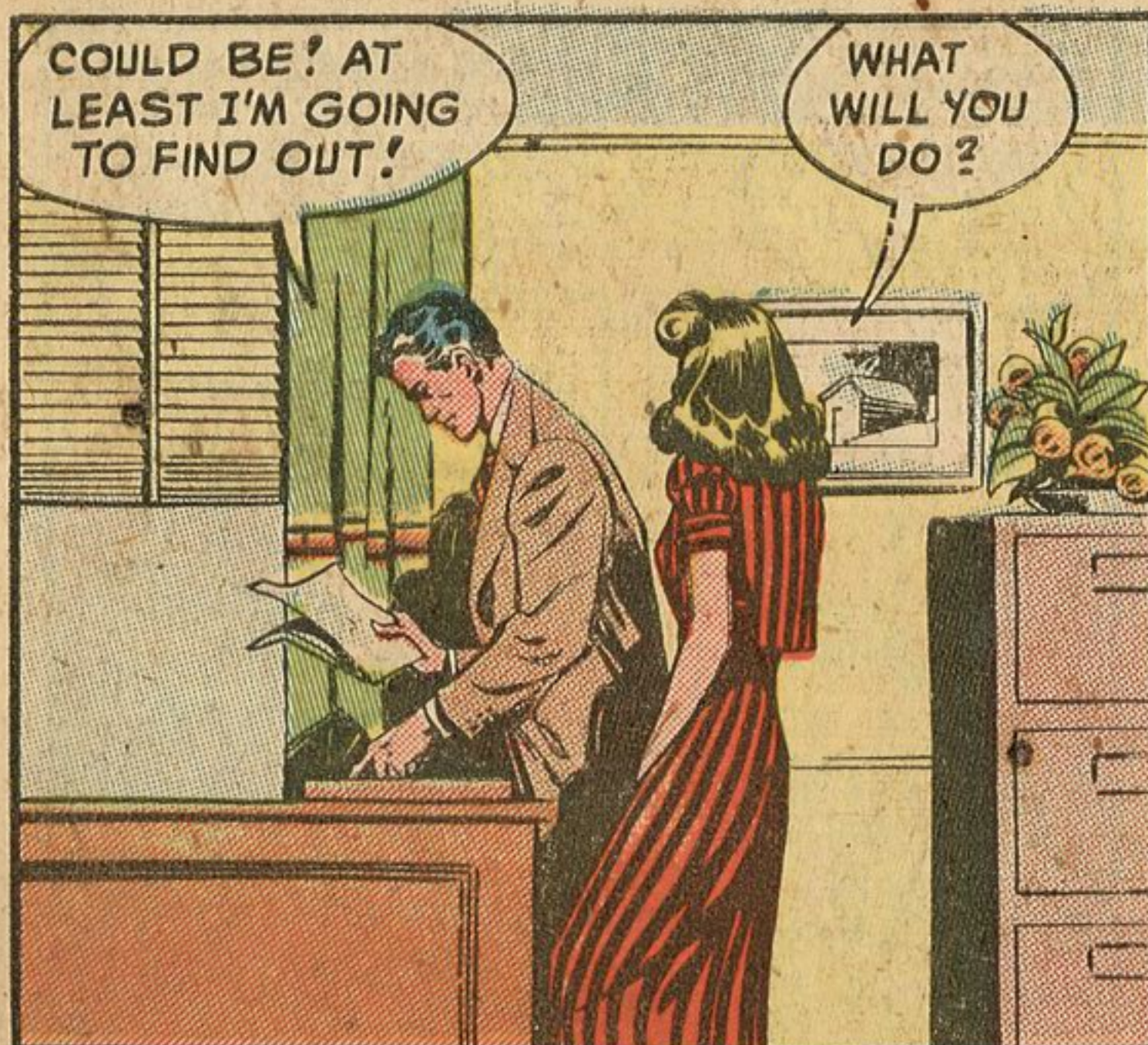
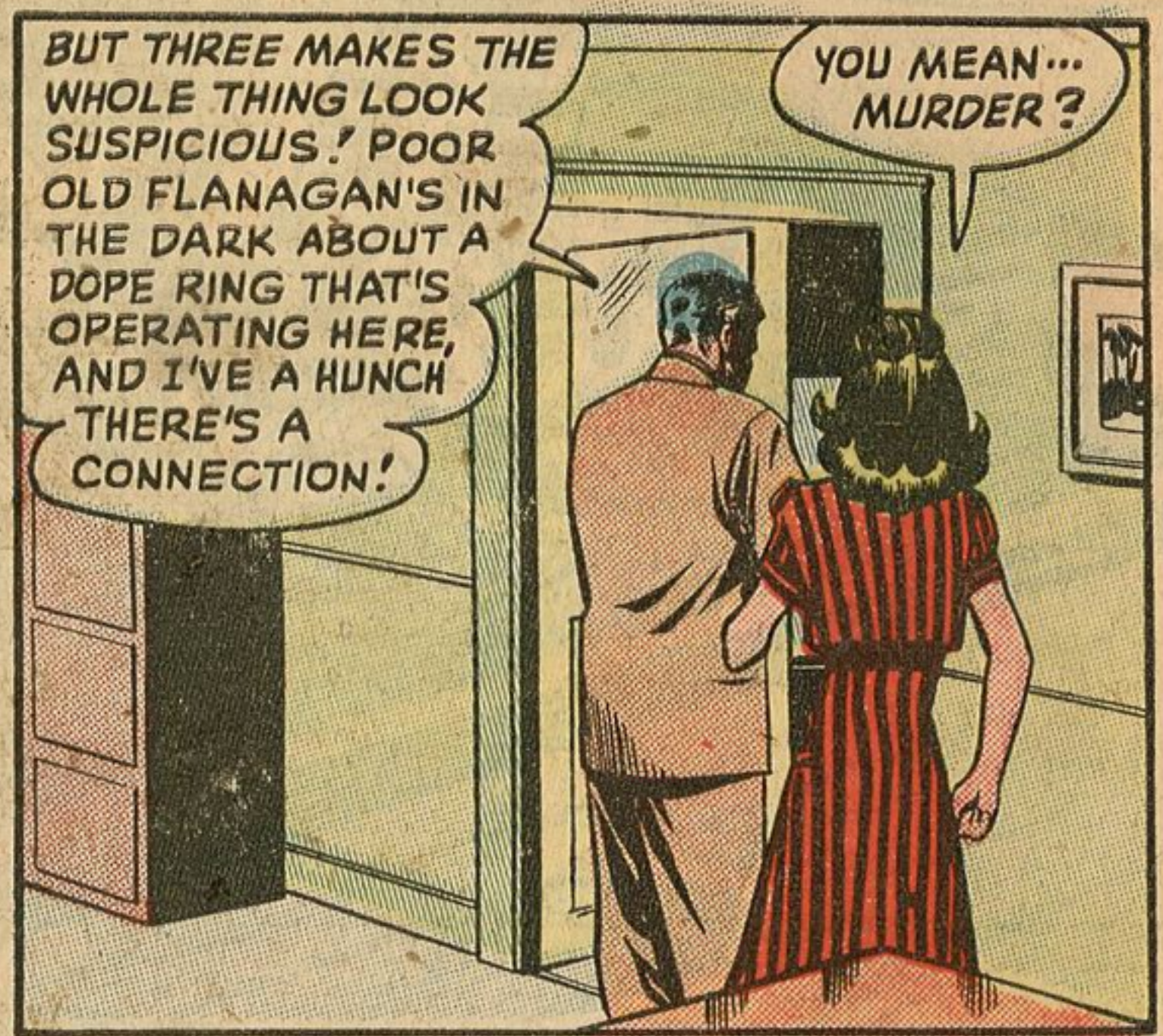
I WON'T TELL YOU,
INSPECTOR FLANAGAN...
YOU CAN SEE FOR
YOURSELF!



HMM... THE THIRD
ONE IN A MONTH!
WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF IT,
STEVE?

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN,
THIS IS COKIE STERN!
IF SO, ALL THREE MEN
WHO DROWNED
WERE DOPE
ADDICTS!







DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SWEETHEART! I'M A TOUGH HOMBRE!

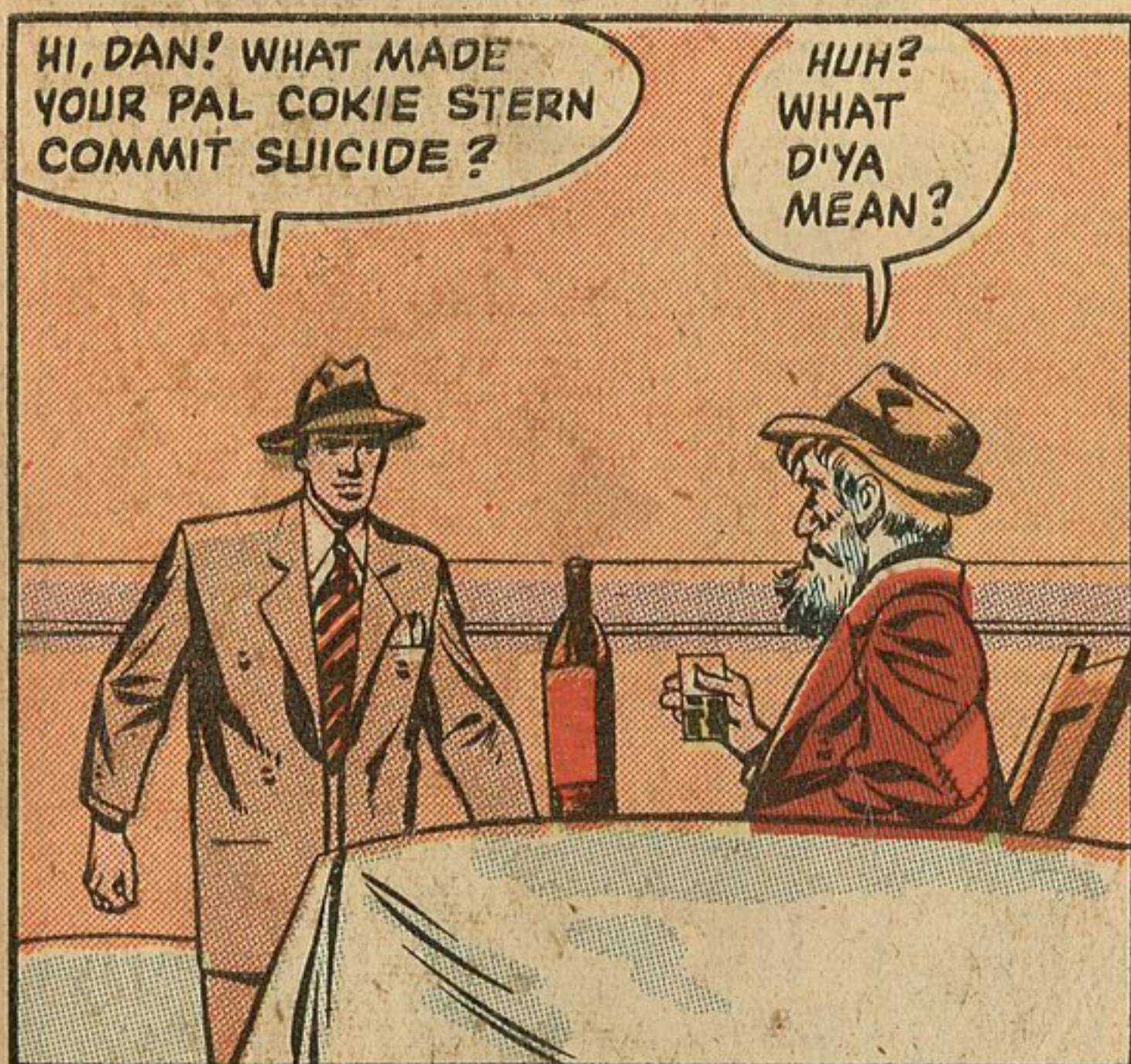
BUT WHERE WILL YOU FIND DOPEY DAN?



TRYING TO KEEP TABS ON ME, EH? WELL, HE USUALLY HANGS OUT AT THE BLUE GOOSE, A DIVE ACROSS FROM THE WARFIELD DOCK!

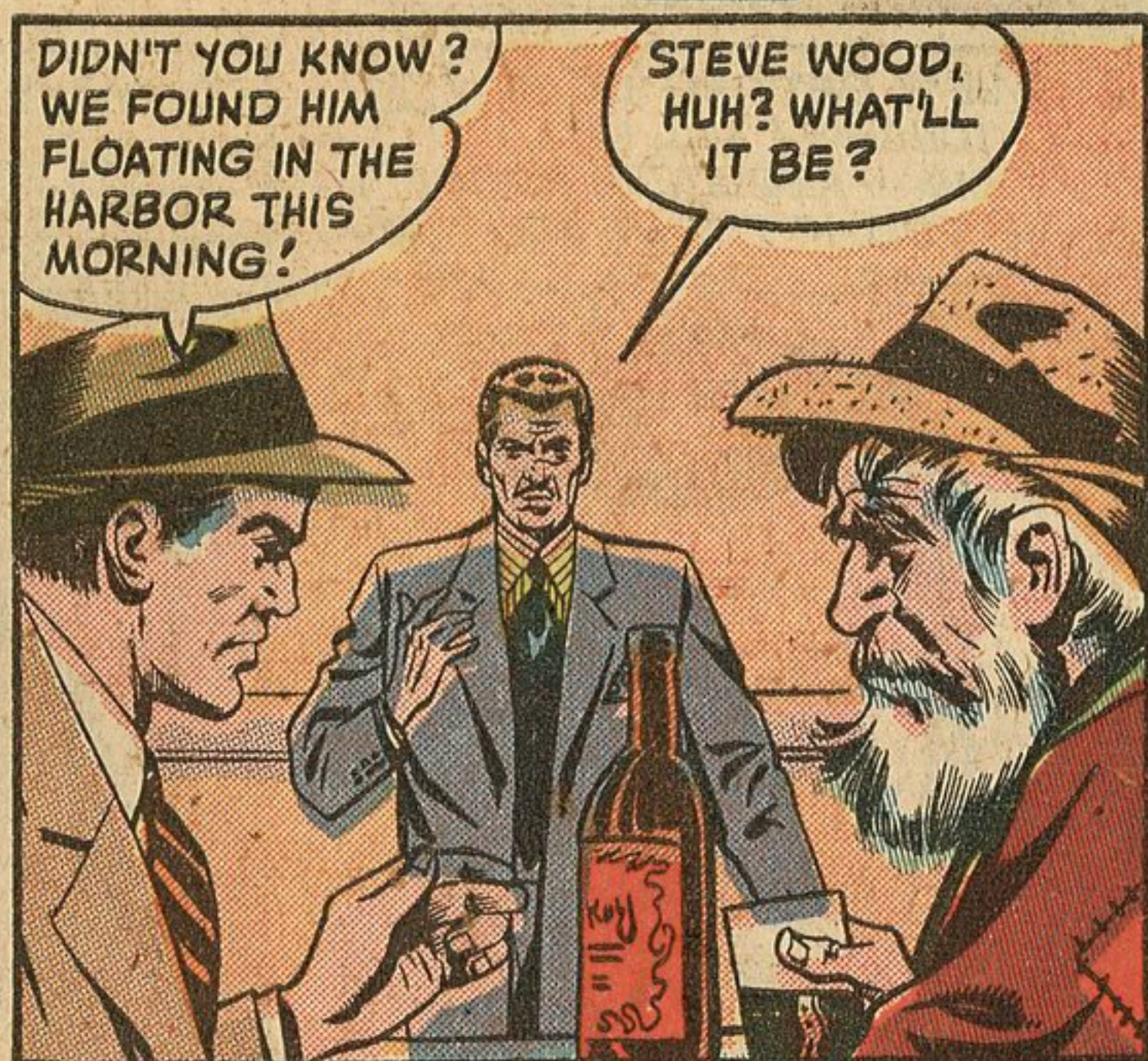


THIS MAY BE A SHOT IN THE DARK, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY!



HI, DAN! WHAT MADE YOUR PAL COKIE STERN COMMIT SUICIDE?

HUH? WHAT D'YA MEAN?



DIDN'T YOU KNOW? WE FOUND HIM FLOATING IN THE HARBOR THIS MORNING!

STEVE WOOD, HUH? WHAT'LL IT BE?



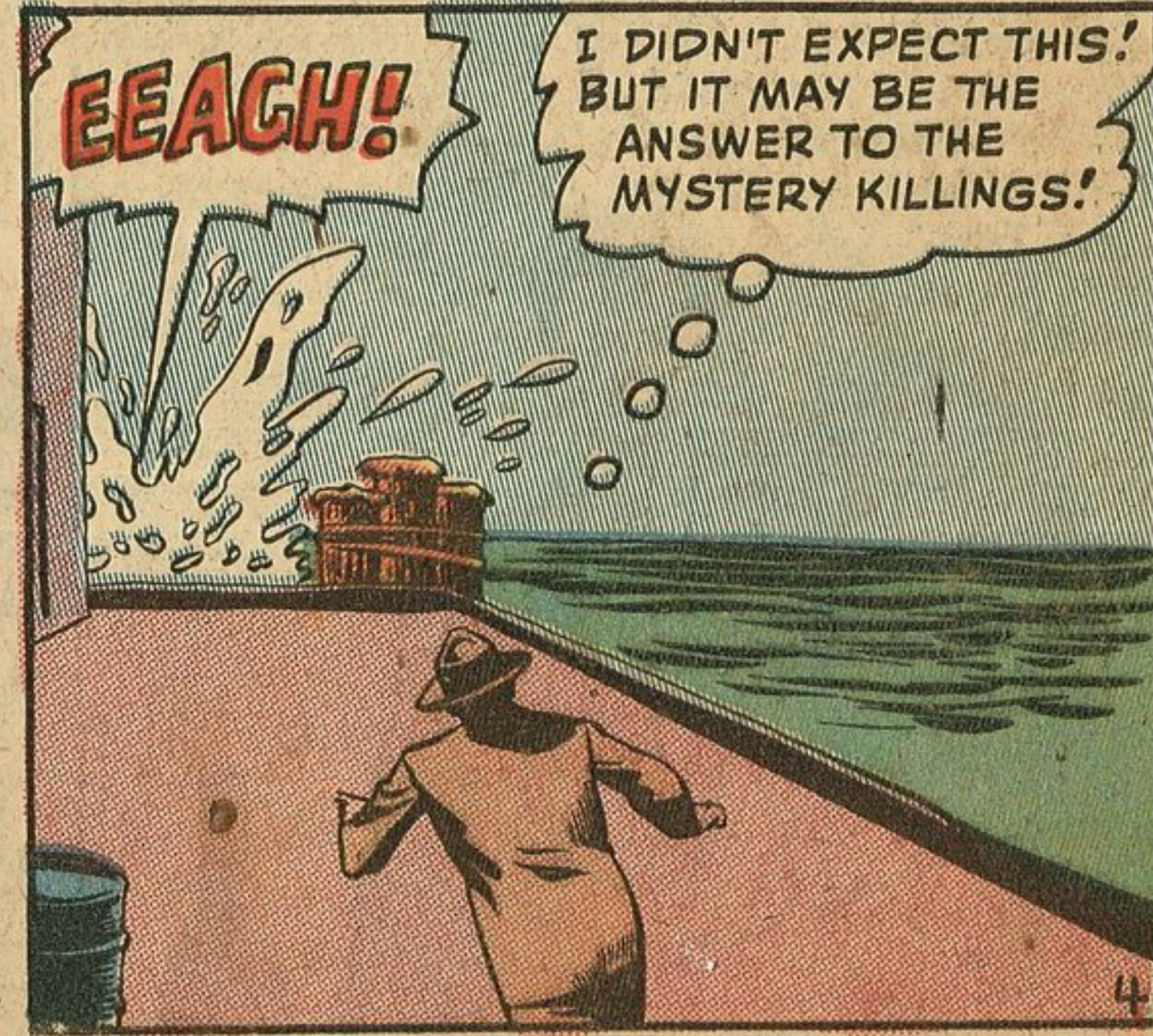
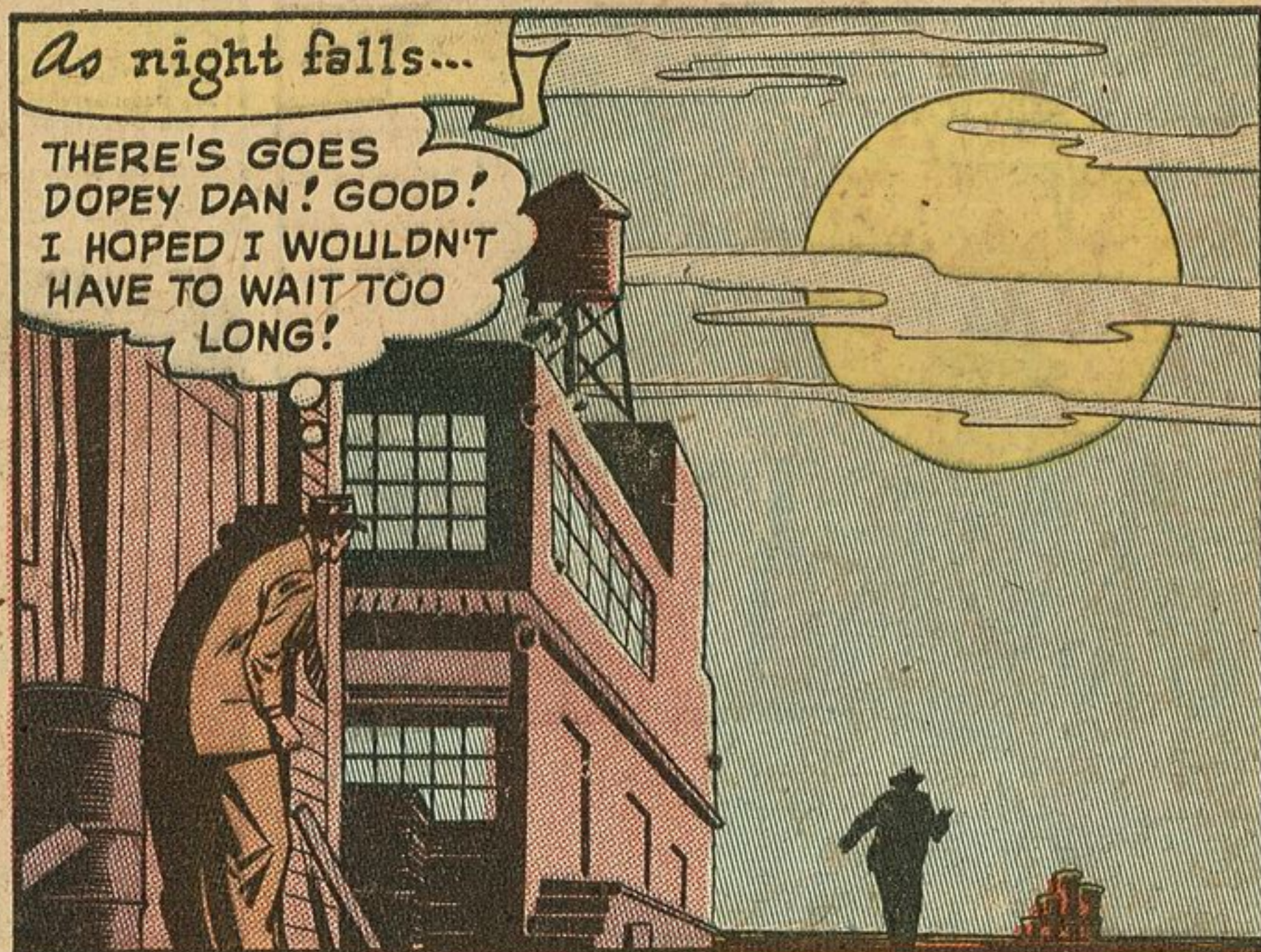
HOW ABOUT A CUP OF COFFEE ...IF YOU HAVE SUCH A THING IN YOUR JOINT, BEETLE!

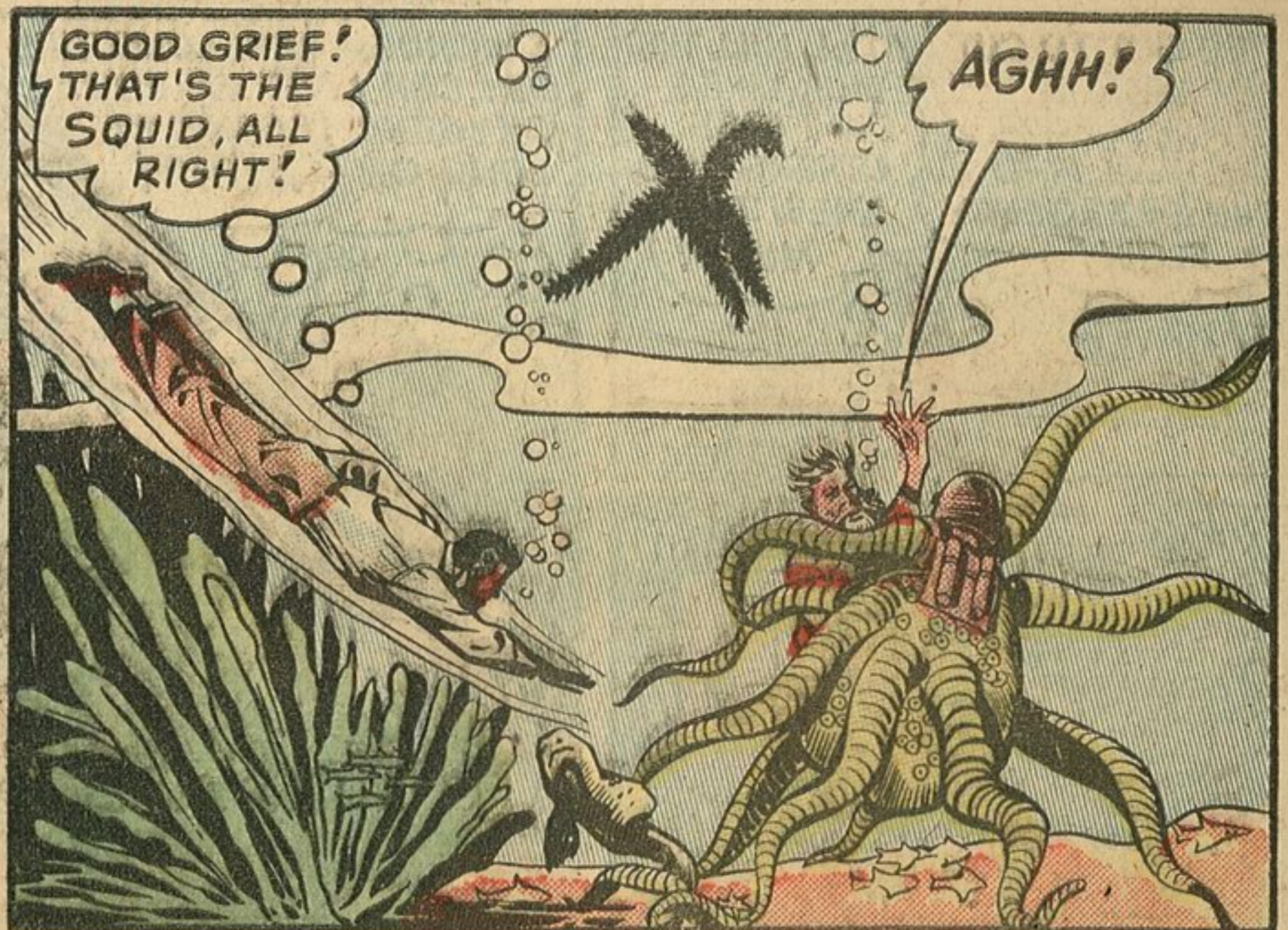
STOW THE SARCASM, WOOD! ONE JAVA COMIN' UP!

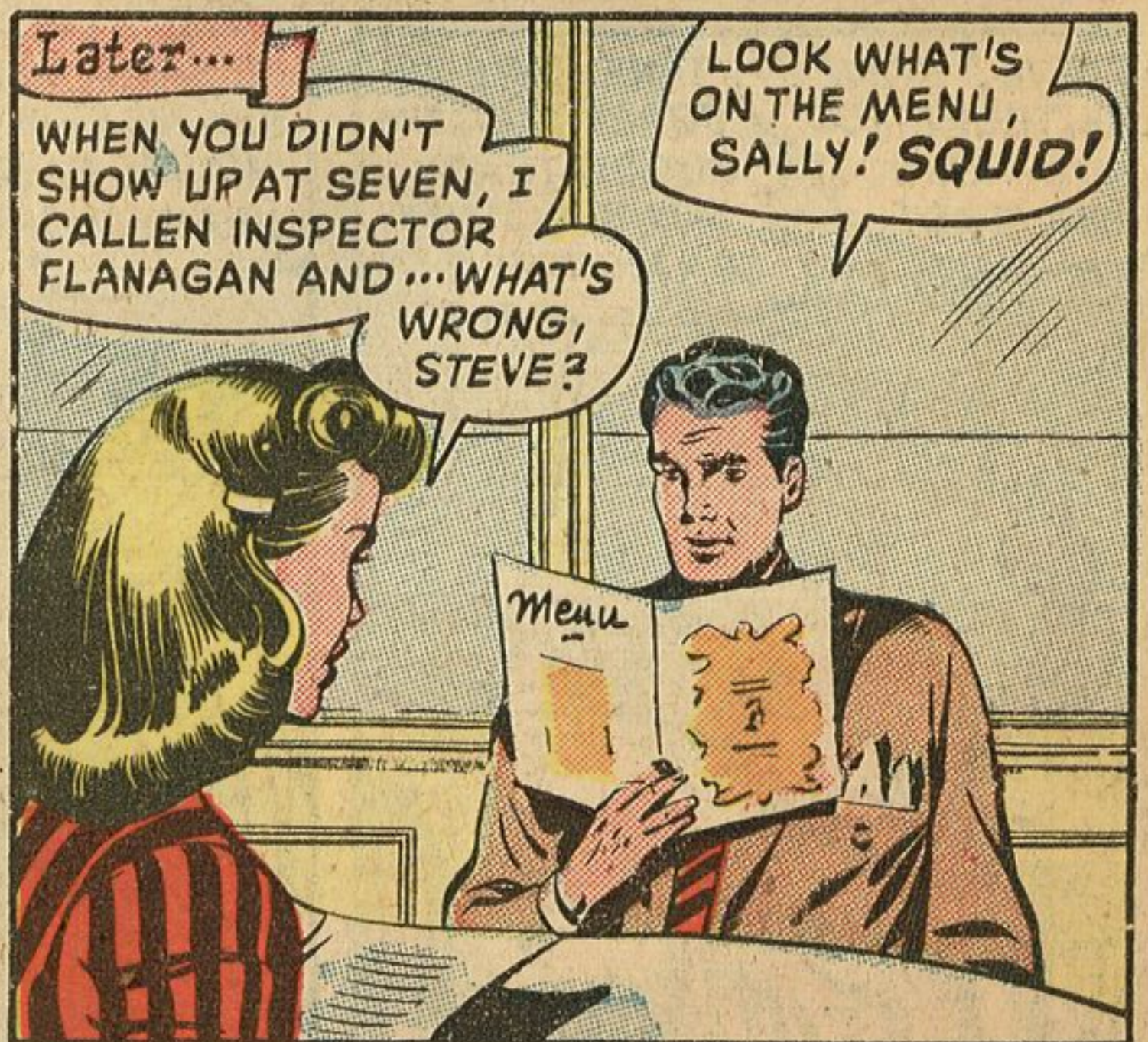
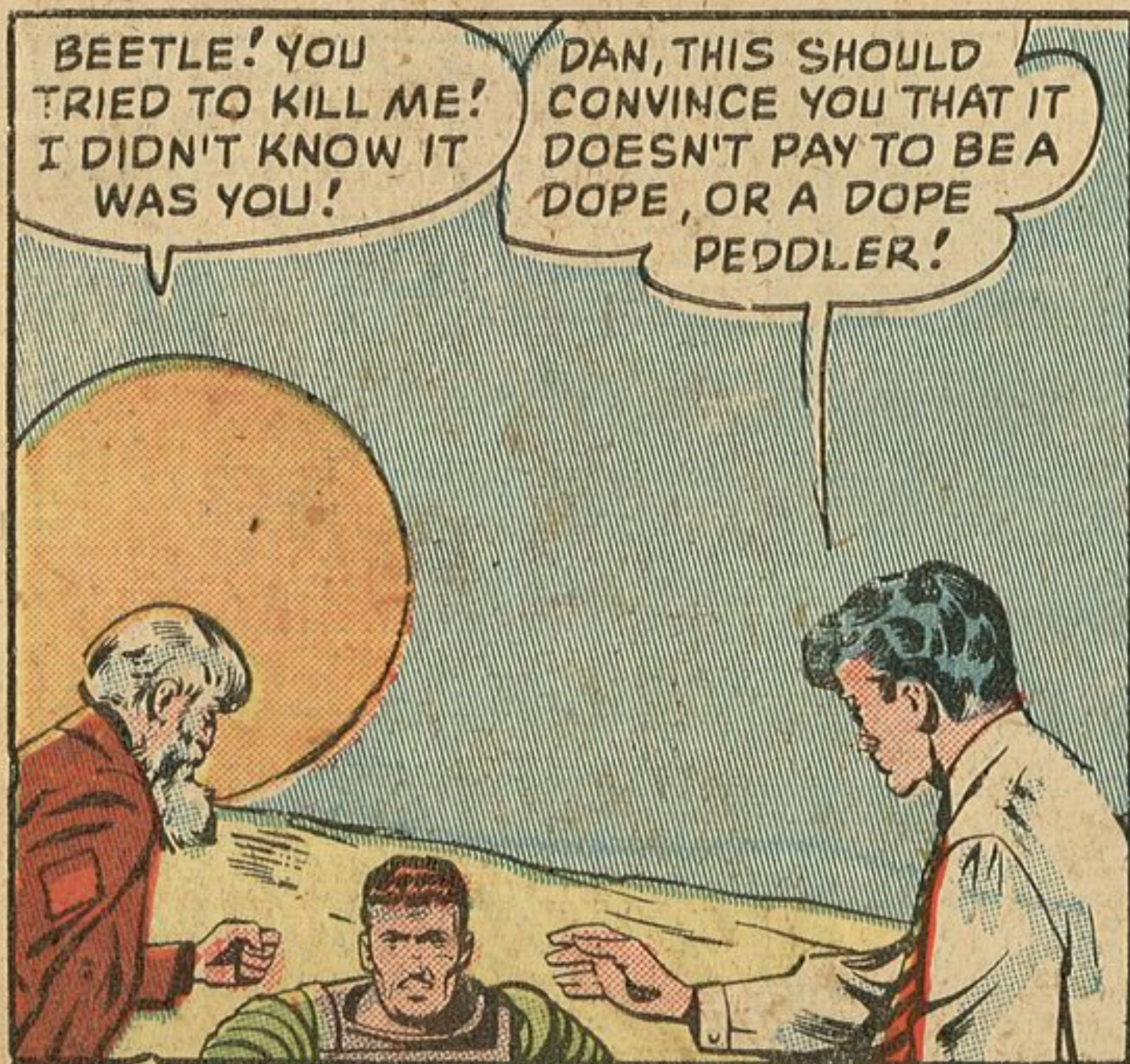
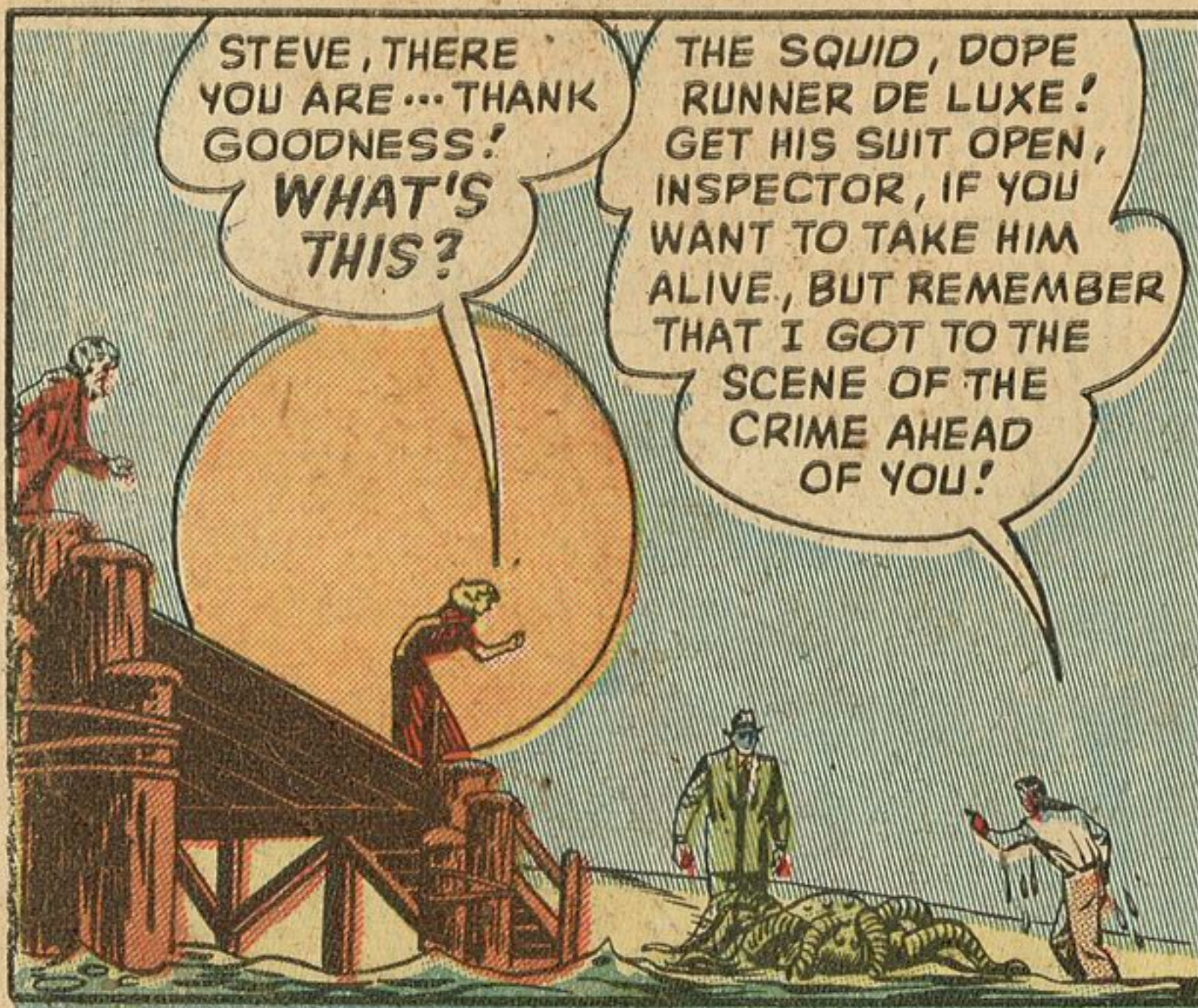
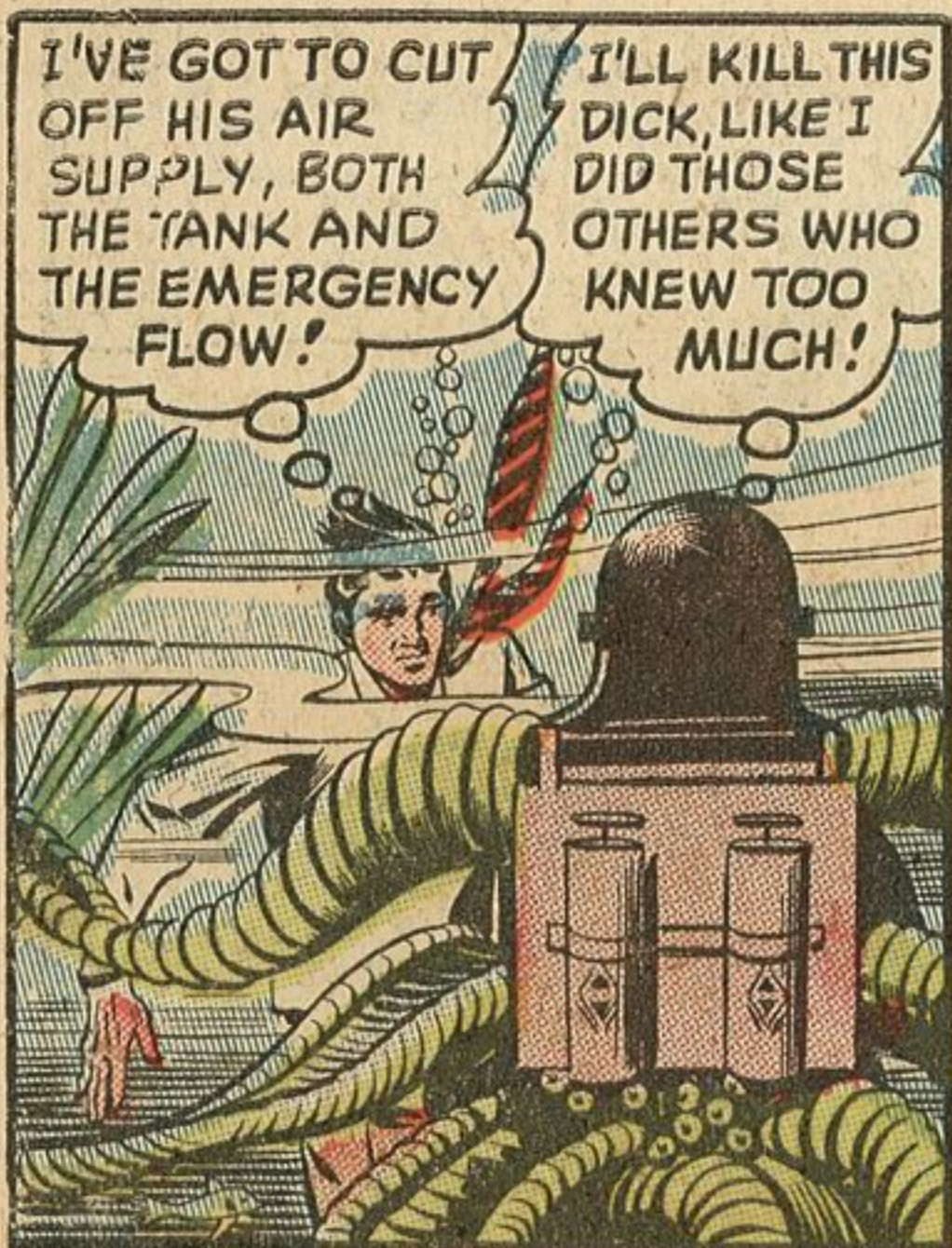


DAN, I HELPED YOU BEAT A RAP ONCE, BECAUSE I KNEW YOU WERE INNOCENT! YOU REPAY THAT FAVOR AND I PROMISE TO PROTECT YOU! WHERE DO YOU GET THE STUFF?

I...I... I DON' KNOW!







Amazing

NEW Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

WEATHER FORECASTER



GIFT offer
We will send you a
genuine
**SUN DIAL
WRIST WATCH**
if you order your
Weather House
promptly

SEND NO MONEY 10-day Trial Offer

The Weatherman is so certain you'll be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer—Pay the postman \$1.49 plus postage—test the Weather House for accuracy, watch it closely, see how it works. Then if you're not 100% pleased, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and your money will be refunded in full!

More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out, watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather. Made of genuine plastic—beautifully hand-painted. Fully automatic—will last for years.

Complete — Only \$1.49

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FOR YOUR GIFT SUN
DIAL WRIST WATCH**

The WEATHERMAN

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The Weatherman, Dept. QA

430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

- ☐ Rush 1 Mickey Mouse Weather House and sun dial wrist watch.
On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.49—postage prepaid.
- ☐ 2 for \$2.69 ☐ 6 for \$8.00 ☐ 12 for \$15.00

Name _____ (please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

"U.S. ROYAL"

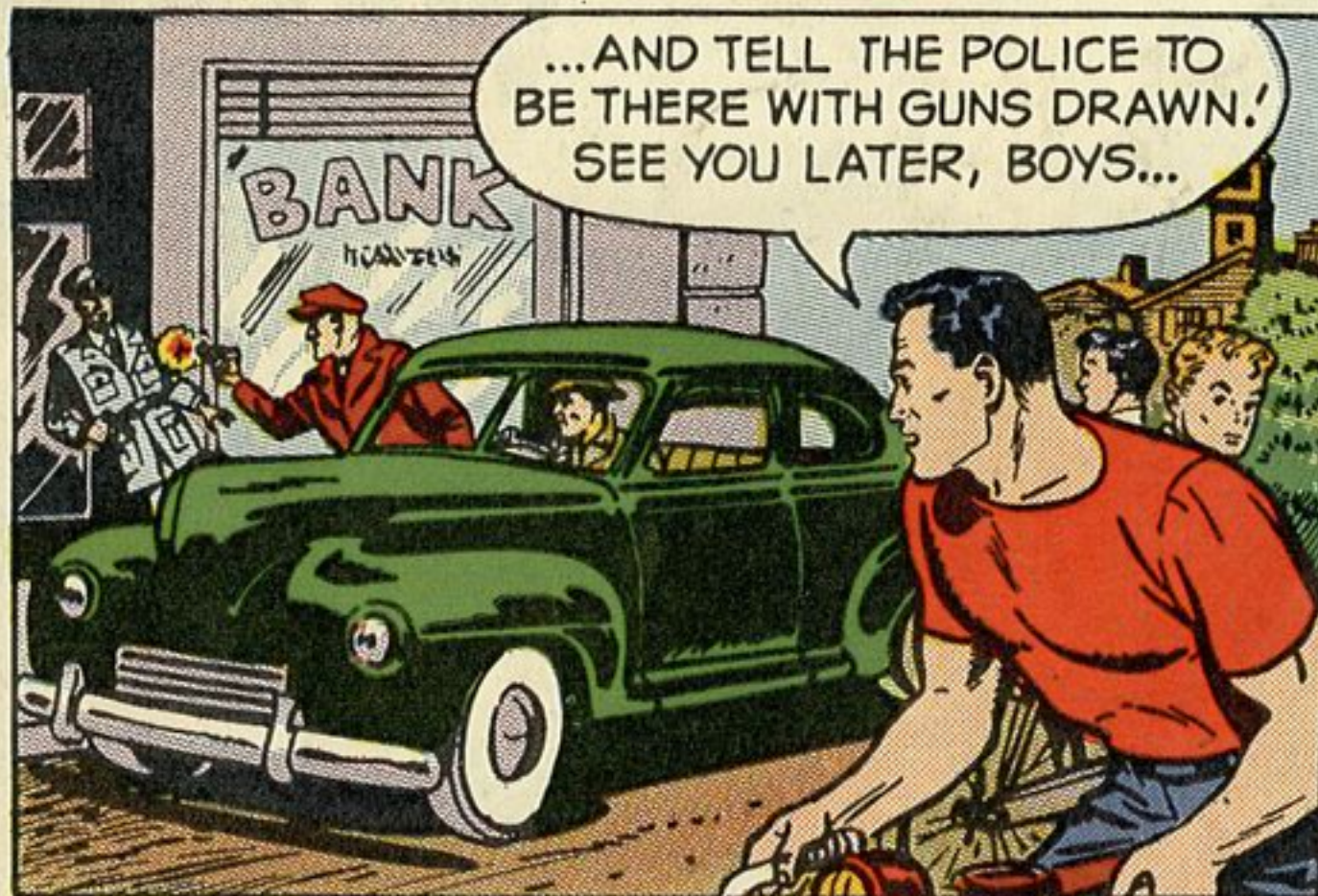
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



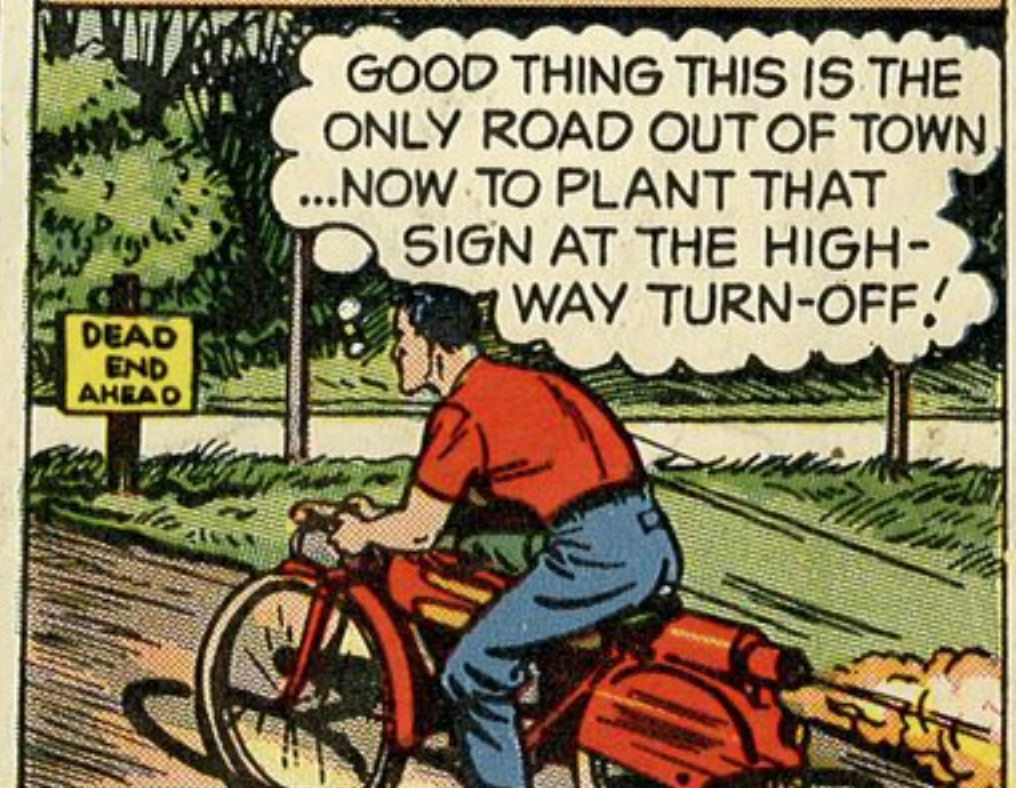
BAMBOOZLING THE BANK ROBBERS



WHEN DESPERATE GUNMEN ROB THE TOWN BANK, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB GO INTO ACTION WITH A DARING PLAN!



EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE-- RIGHT INTO A DEAD END TRAP! BUT THE SIGN...



GREAT WORK, BOYS! WE SURPRISED THOSE CROOKS WITH A ROYAL RECEPTION!



LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

A WHOLE COMIC BOOK ON BIKING?! LET'S SEE IT, U.S....

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS...THERE'S A COPY WAITING FOR EACH OF YOU-- AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE DEALER'S!



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE...CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science